

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. PASCAL'S "PENSEES," . . . . .	<i>British Quarterly Review</i> , . . . . .	387
II. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. By Sarah Tytler, author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," "Lady Bell," etc. Part XV., . . . . .	<i>Good Words</i> , . . . . .	404
III. MODERN QUAKERISM, . . . . .	<i>Modern Review</i> , . . . . .	414
IV. AT ANY COST. Part V., . . . . .	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> , . . . . .	422
V. HAS THE NEWEST WORLD THE OLDEST POPULATION? . . . . .	<i>London Quarterly Review</i> , . . . . .	426
VI. COLERIDGE'S INTELLECTUAL INFLUENCE, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	433
VII. QUEEN MARGERIE, . . . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . . . .	436
VIII. CHANGES IN DIET AND MEDICINE, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	439
IX. ITALIAN SUMMERS — A PRAISE OF INDO- LENCE, . . . . .	<i>Saturday Review</i> , . . . . .	441
X. CARLYLE ON RELIGIOUS CANT, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	444
XI. THE PLACE OF ART IN HISTORY, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	446

## POETRY.

OVER THE SEA, . . . . .	386	TO KING HUMBERT OF ITALY, . . . . .	386
PASSING MORVEN, . . . . .	386		

MISCELLANY, . . . . .	448
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## OVER THE SEA.

I AM looking back through the days and weeks  
That lie in the shadowy land of yore,  
And a' waking spirit stirs and speaks,  
The spirit of dead years gone before.

Speaks with a murmur of mournful sighs,  
In a voice that carries the sound of tears,  
And lighting the lamp of its passionate eyes,  
It opens the shroud of the buried years.

The wind is blowing up from the wold,  
The stars are shining down on the sea,  
But the wind is bleak, and the light is cold,  
And 'tis only of pain they speak to me.

For the wind once toyed with a silken tress,  
And the stars once shone on a saintly face ;  
And how can a faithful love grow less?  
Or a new love take the old love's place ?

The sea is swirling up to my feet,  
Singing its monody, soft and low ;  
But the song of the sea is deadly sweet,  
For I mind how it slew me years ago.

We had been parted, I and she,  
With many a hundred miles between,  
And now she was coming across the sea,  
(Oh, the sky was blue and the waves were green !)

Coming — and yet she never came !  
Meeting — and yet we met no more !  
She heard me not when I called her name,  
Though the dead might have heard me on that shore.

Oh, love, though my eyes but dimly see,  
There is hope in my pathway where I tread,  
That over the sea thou wilt sail to me,  
In the day when the sea gives up her dead,  
Argosy. J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

## PASSING MORVEN.

July 31, 1883.

DOWN Mull's dark sound, from port to port,  
The vessel holds upon her way :  
From green Lochaline's wooded shore,  
To yonder castle-crowned bay.

And silent, 'mid a motley throng  
Of strangers, on her deck I stand :  
Watching, with thoughts unutterable,  
The glory of the gliding land.

O land of Morven ! dearer far  
To me than fairest spot of earth :  
O land on which my eyes first looked,  
The land that gave my fathers birth.

Scanning to-day thy winding shores,  
Although as through a haze of tears,  
I feel anew thy wondrous spell,  
Rich heirloom of a hundred years.

I see the kirk-crowned sward of Kiel,  
The old grey cross against the sky :  
The eastward-ordered grassy graves,  
Where holy generations lie.

I seem to see in visions fair,  
The summer Sundays long ago :  
The little church — his kingly head  
Stooping to pass its lintel low.

I hear the old, familiar sounds  
That broke, but did not mar the calm :  
The clear, sweet piping of the lark,  
The plaintive cadence of the Psalm.

But past the shores of Achabeig,  
By craggy Dhucraig — Achnahaw —  
By Savary's beach and wooded knoll  
We swiftly sweep, and nearer draw

To where, the midmost channel reached,  
Blest Fuinay I behold once more :  
The double gables, flanked with trees,  
The gleaming arch above the door.

And ev'ry spot on which I gaze,  
From sandy beach to cairn-topped ben,  
Islands and cottage, fields and burns,  
Green Fingal's bill, the bridge, the glen :

All — all — to-day but speak to me,  
Of that bright past forever fled,  
Of him whose presence haunts them all  
A year past numbered with the dead.

Lo, the Grey Isles ! — our paddles forge  
Through rushing tides a track of foam,  
The sullen shores of Mull are gained,  
And I once more have lost my home.  
Good Words. JOHN MACLEOD.

## TO KING HUMBERT OF ITALY.

O NOBLE prince ! whose heritage was won  
'Mid rocks and Alpine snows in other days —  
A rugged cradle, where from sire to son  
Thy hardy race first learnt their simple ways —  
A people's acclamation made thee heir  
Of all that lies within th' historic bound  
Of gracious Italy — her cities fair,  
Her hoary monuments, her hallowed ground ;  
Sad Venice, glorious Florence, Capri's isle,  
Rome's crumbling walls, and Naples' fatal  
smile.

And thou hast shown thee worthy of thy place,  
Because alone thou didst not fear to die ;  
But mindful of thy birth and royal race,  
Where Death's envenom'd shafts did thickest  
fly,  
Thou like a king didst seek him in his lair,  
The King of Terrors. Wherefore on that day  
His darts were quenched ; for they, who greatly  
dare,

With death and pestilence unharmed may play.  
O noble prince ! well hast thou done thy part,  
And won a people's trust, a people's heart.  
National Review. HENRY HERBERT.

From The British Quarterly Review.  
PASCAL'S "PENSEES."\*

AMONG the books which have moved, and continue to move the world, is one which considered in itself and in its history is unique. For, properly speaking, it is not a book at all, but rather an undigested heap of detached thoughts and fragments for a book which was only partially written, if even fully planned. Pascal took in hand his great work against atheists and unbelievers in the thirty-fifth year of his age, after finishing the "Provincial Letters" in the spring of 1657. A certain languor had succeeded to that vast intellectual effort, carried to so triumphant a conclusion, and, always in feeble health, he was able during that year only to sketch in part the course his work would take, to write fully, and with great elaboration, certain paragraphs and portions of definite chapters, and to make notes, afterwards to be expanded *vivè voce* for lectures at Port Royal. But in the following spring he was attacked by neuralgia in the face, which proved to be the beginning of other nervous affections, taking from him all power of sustained labor, racking his body with pain, and obliging him either to depend not a little on the aid of an illiterate servant as amanuensis, or to jot down his own thoughts on separate slips of paper, which he was never able to work out nor to fit into their place. These have lain strewn, so to speak, on the world like the feathers scattered by the fairy Disorder; it has been the task of many editors to try and restore them according to the plan in Pascal's mind, not fully known to them, and only in part described by him to his most intimate friends.

Then, when the pen fell from the dead hand, and his family determined that the thoughts so left should be given to the

world, the MS. was entrusted to a committee, who conceived themselves at liberty to retrench, to prune, and to modify, to shape what was formless — so giving of necessity a different result to the first idea — and to weaken what was strong. Yet in spite of this, and in spite of the wholly different minds of the men affected by the "Pensées," they have had Condorcet as an editor, and Voltaire as a commentator; Sainte-Beuve, in his great work on Port Royal, brought to bear on them and on the character of Pascal the whole power of his searching and luminous criticism, while no less than three modern editors in France, MM. Faugère, Havet, and Molinier, have gone back to the original MSS., have discussed each line and word and marginal mark, have arranged and rearranged each fragment to see where best it would fit, and, in a word, have treated this book, which is no book, as one of the sacred scriptures of the world. These men have labored, and entering into their labors we may study the thoughts, the man, and the time with pleasure and profit, and find order arise out of the disorder.

As justifying and explaining mediæval monachism and asceticism, a modern writer has well said: "The very ferocity and foulness of the time, by a natural revulsion, called forth at the same time the apostolic holiness and the Manichean asceticism of the mediæval saints. The world was so bad that to be saints at all they were compelled to go out of the world."\* In the same manner the terrible laxity of what is called society in France — a laxity which had invaded the sanctity of cloistered life, and poisoned the pure wells of religion — called out the austere holiness of Port Royal, and of the lives associated with it during, roughly speaking, the last century of its existence. Among these lives that of Pascal is the one which most naturally, even more than that of Le grand Arnauld, or La mère Angélique, rises to our mind when we hear the name of the great abbey.

The Cistercian Convent of Port Royal des Champs is, or rather was, for scarce one stone is left upon another, about eight-

\* 1. *Port Royal.* Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVRE. Paris, 1867.

2. *Port Royal.* By CHARLES BEARD, B.A. London, 1863

3. *Pensées, Fragments et Lettres de Blaise Pascal.* Par M. PROSPER FAUGÈRE. Paris, 1844.

4. *Pensées de Pascal.* Par ERNEST HAVET. Deuxième édition. Paris, 1866.

5. *Les Pensées de Blaise Pascal.* Par AUGUSTE MOLINIER. Paris, 1877-9.

\* C. Kingsley, preface to The Saint's Tragedy.

teen miles from Paris, in a pleasant and narrow valley, such as the order of St. Bernard always chose. "He established his monasteries," says one of the Port Royal historians, "in deep valleys where the view of the world was excluded, and nothing but the heaven could be seen." Or, as the old lines have it —

Bernardus valles, colles Benedictus amabat,  
Oppida Franciscus, magnas Ignatius urbes.

Valleys Bernard chose: but Bennet built on  
the mountains:  
Francis in smaller towns: where men throng  
thickest Ignatius.

Founded in the first decade of the thirteenth century, and presumably fulfilling its functions as a place of pious retreat and prayer for many years, it had become lax and irregular at the opening of the sixteenth century. The abbot of Citeaux, visitor of the convent, made his formal visitation in 1504, and found, first, that the divine offices were ill sung, and celebrated with extreme irregularity. Before all things, he says, they must get an abbey clock as one means to punctuality. Second — which would seem much more important in these days — the dormitories were ill arranged; in fact, there was a common dormitory, the rule of strict seclusion was not at all observed. Thirdly, the nuns wore fashionable dresses with wide sleeves and trains, the price of which, said a preacher of those days, would have maintained a whole poor family; and when the fashion changed they thought that they did much for God in making these dresses, used and soiled though they were, into altar coverings. They even wore jewels, forgetting that a nun was dead, and that trinkets were ill suited to a corpse.

In 1572 and 1574 further visitations showed a still worse state of things, under a careless abbess who was threatened with excommunication, and who ended by deserting her convent on the pretext that she was troubled by the wars of the League. She betook herself to an abbey in Normandy, where, presumably, she was less looked after. These visitations discovered irreverent services, sacraments disregarded, confessions neglected, and

these made, when made, to any priest' and not to him appointed by authority, sick sisters uncared for, the food of the community stinted, together with grave personal imputations against the abbess. The lady who succeeded her when she ran away reformed the kitchen at any rate, and does not appear to have been open to blame. But — and nothing shows the whole state of feeling outside and inside the convent more than this — she took as assistant superior, with, as it would seem, the vested right of succession, a little girl aged seven years, Jacqueline Marie Arnauld, whose parents had caused her to enter into religion for that end.

The whole circumstances were amazingly discreditable, and go far to justify the cynical remark of a distinguished judge of our own days, who has said that "it is always the very best persons who do the very worst things." M. Antoine Arnauld, the father of the infant nun, came of a good family in what would now be called the upper-middle class; an advocate in great practice, a man esteemed by all as honorable and religious, selected by the University of Paris as their counsel against the Jesuits, the confidential adviser of half the great world of Paris. He had ten children, and not unnaturally in those days looked to the convent as the destiny of some of his daughters; since to a man in his position to ask for them the post of abbess, or at least of assistant superior, was to gain it. The appointments were in the patronage of the crown, and it was easily arranged that the abbess of Port Royal should nominate Jacqueline Arnauld as her assistant, and that a similar post at St. Cyr should be filled by Jeanne, a still younger sister; the office of abbess then vacant being given to a lady who was bound to resign when Jeanne reached the age of twenty. The future abbess of Port Royal was placed for her religious education at yet another Cistercian abbey, that of Manibusson, the superior of which was a pluralist, being also abbess of Bertaucourt near Amiens. These high positions Madame Angélique d'Estrées owed not to any exalted spirituality — such is scarcely to be expected when ecclesiastical offices are crown appointments — but to the fact

that she was the sister of La belle Gabrielle, the mistress of Henry IV. The easy manners of the time placed no barrier between the intercourse of the cloistered lady and her of the court, who often retired for a while to her sister's convent for country air; and Madame Angélique d'Estrées obtained the second abbey as being within an easy distance from Paris, not too far for a visit from the king when hunting. Under this singular instructress Jacqueline Arnauld passed her novitiate, and at the age of nine made her profession, changing her name to Angélique in compliment to Madame d'Estrées. It was and is common that a nun on quitting the world should take a new name, but there was a special reason in the case under consideration. For when the original arrangement that Jacqueline should afterwards succeed to Port Royal was proposed at Rome, the ratification of the royal appointment was absolutely refused by the pope, and the whole affair was for some time in abeyance. But now the abbess was dead, and without sanction from Rome the assistant superior could not take her place. In applying to the pope all mention of Jacqueline Arnauld was dropped, and Angélique was named to his Holiness, accompanied by the false statement that her age was seventeen. This age seemed scarce sufficient, and it needed all the diplomacy of Cardinal Ossat to carry the point and gain consent at last to the king's nomination. It is difficult to see why, if a direct falsehood were to be told at all, the Arnaulds and their supporters drew the line at seventeen, and shrank from declaring Jacqueline to be of any age which might have satisfied the pope without further trouble.

The condition of the community over which this infant was called to preside was scandalous beyond measure. There were thirteen nuns, of whom the eldest was thirty-three, and as she was the eldest, so she was the worst of the whole, and Madame Arnauld, mother of the abbess, had to exert her influence to have her removed. Religious ceremonies had been reduced to their lowest possible measure, the official confessor could barely read, but he was able more intelligently to take

his part in the masquerades, which were a favorite diversion of the community. The nuns also wore masks on occasions, and, which seems to have been considered almost as worldly, gloves. Much of this, however, was at once set to rights. Madame Arnauld, having turned out the dissolute nun of thirty-three, found a prioress, a Madame du Pont, to take management of the house, which she did fairly well, and being herself a busy, practical woman, she and other members of the family were constantly driving over from Paris without notice to visit the young superior. While manifesting no remarkable sanctity — how was it possible? — La mère Angélique said her offices regularly, and read a good deal — romances and Roman history being her chief study. M. Arnauld, when the law courts were not sitting, came to stay occasionally at the nunnery, and the great patron of the family, King Henry IV., knowing that the father of the abbess was there, himself arrived, during one of his hunting excursions. The little abbess, preceded by her cross-bearer and followed by her train of nuns, went to meet his Majesty, and had prudently put on pattens, so that the king thought her very tall for her age. He had never even affected to believe the fiction which had been presented to the pope.

It is not strange that this life of routine undignified by devotion, yet undiversified by the distractions which had made the life of worse nuns endurable to them, became intolerable to Angélique; she saw a way of escape in the fact that her profession had been made before the lawful age. She determined to leave the religious life; and, as a preliminary, good Catholic though she was, determined to run away and take shelter with her Huguenot aunts. She was only prevented doing so by an illness, during which she was removed to her mother's care and tenderly nursed. Her father, becoming at any rate partly aware of what was passing in his daughter's mind, insisted on her signing a paper in which she renewed her vows; and she returned to her post, still weak, but more resigned, touched by the pleasure with which the nuns saw her return, and disposed to find comfort and rest in reading

religious books, rather than romances, as heretofore.

But the great awakening of her own religious life, and as a consequence that of others, was at hand. A certain Père Basile passing by one evening, came to the convent, and offered to preach. The abbess, then just coming in from the garden, refused, as the hour was late, but she afterwards consented. His subject was the humility of the Son of God in his birth and in his cradle. But how he treated the subject, or what were his words, the Mère Angélique could never tell. She only knew that her heart was touched by divine grace, and that the hour was as the dawn, the light whereof increased unto the perfect day. The instrument of this conversion was strangely ill adapted to carry on the work begun by his means. He was dissolute in his life, he had already proved the cause of scandal in more than one religious house, so that any help from such a man to a girl of sixteen wishing to reform herself and her convent was out of the question. Nor did much assistance come from other advisers to whom she turned. One was too stern and another too little able to understand what this new crisis in a spiritual life meant; so that, thrown on her own resources, La mère Angélique plunged into excesses of unchecked austerity. Neither from within nor without could she gain aid or sympathy, for her father disapproved of the attempted reform, as well as of its exaggerated asceticism. But on All Saints Day, 1608, after she had returned from a visit to her home more sad and discouraged than she had ever been, and as it would seem six months after the visit of the itinerant Capuchin, there came another outpouring of grace, which made all clear, and was the true beginning of what concerns us in the history of Port Royal.

This time the moving cause was the preaching of a Bernardine monk, for M. Arnauld had found means to keep away the too exciting Capuchin. He spoke on the beatitude, "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake," and the shaft from his bow aimed at a venture was driven home where it struck by one of the nuns, who said to the abbess, "You, madam, if you choose, may be one of the blessed who suffer for righteousness."

Hence came struggles of spirit and of conscience which once more seriously undermined her health, also entreaties and discussions with the sisters, till on a cer-

tain day they were wrought up to a great renunciation, and renewing their vows of poverty, cast all their little private possessions into the common stock. It were long and needless to relate all that happened thereafter in the conventional reform — the new and unaccustomed sanctity of the cloister, even against M. Arnauld himself, the rigid enforcement of poverty, the seclusion even within the seclusion of the convent in which the abbess and the stricter nuns shut themselves, and with all this, as the inner motive of the whole, the passionate fervor of religion which steeped the souls of La mère Angélique and of those who fell under her influence.

From Port Royal the reform spread. The most relaxed convents, even Mansusson, still under the profligate rule of Madame d'Estrées, felt the influence of, or were directly set in order by La mère Angélique; and, refuting the proverb that a prophet has no honor in his own country, the whole Arnauld family one after another succumbed to the holy zeal of this first convert. Six sisters became nuns of Port Royal, two brothers, and four nephews were specially connected with it. La mère Angélique was fortunate in the confessors and directors whom she chose in this time of change, her spiritual advisers for many years; but neither their names nor they themselves are of importance in our rapid sketch of the reform at Port Royal. Nor is it necessary to distinguish between the two houses which belonged to the community, that in Paris and that in Port Royal des Champs, or to trace the migrations from one to the other. It is enough to explain that from the great reform there arose not only the strict and populous convent or convents with their schools of girls, but also a community of brothers at Port Royal, worshipping in the convent church, under, for the most part, the same confessor. It was headed, so far as we can speak of a head in so democratic a community, by relatives of the abbess, these brethren having under them a number of young men and boys also pursuing their studies. It need hardly be said that the separation between the two bodies was carefully maintained, close as was the community of sympathy of religion and interest, made more intimate by the bonds of neighborhood and of united worship.

It was a part of the peculiarity of this religious revival, extending over many years, of which the above is a hurried sketch, that it necessarily affected the

great world of Paris, and that nothing could be done in a corner. The bishops and even the saints of those days were men of the world; Saint François de Sales interested himself in the fortunes of Port Royal, and was a correspondent of La mère Angélique; Richelieu and afterwards Mazarin were ministers on whose will and word depended the imprisonment or release of the Port Royal solitaires in the time of trouble; the shades of theological dogma were eagerly debated in fashionable *salons*; the Church and the world crossed and mingled very strangely — strangely because it was a time of monstrous corruption in politics and of wanton license in morals.

It would be impossible, however, to go at any length into the controversies which arose between the two parties in the Church, and especially in France, on the doctrines of grace, as laid down by St. Augustine, and as interpreted by Janse-nius; enough to say that the Jesuits were the chief representatives of one party in the controversy, the Port Royalists, and pre-eminently at first M. de Saint Cyran, the director, were the representatives of the other. The dead embers of this theological controversy can scarcely be blown into light and fire by even the breath of one so eloquent as the great French critic and historian of our time, Sainte-Beuve; and it is better to turn from its ephemeral phases, once so important, to the moral question which underlay the whole difference between the Jesuits and their opponents.

Given — and the point is assumed in the very existence of a Church, an Ecclesia, those called out of a larger body — that the world is corrupt, and that the function of a Church is to save, if not the world, at any rate the souls of the men who come under its influences, the modes in which this is to be done divide themselves sharply into two, each of which has its logical and consistent basis. One is the mode of which monasticism is the highest expression. "The world is rushing to its ruin, come out and be ye separate" is the cry of those whose view of life is that of religious pessimism. And though, as matter of fact, only a limited number can act on the impulse or obey the call, yet separation, solitude, family life minimized, statesmanship regarded as an inferior and worldly occupation, the enormous danger of those entangled with the things of this life, the few that are saved: these are the considerations to be kept ever before the minds of men.

The world is very evil, the times are waxing late; Be sober and keep vigil, the Lord is at the gate,

is the watchword of such. It was that of the nuns and the brethren of Port Royal. "Between us and you," they seemed to say, "there is a great gulf fixed," and they who would cross to us must leap; there are no bridges, and the return is attended with deadly peril. Oh, high ascetic souls, such as was Augustine, when once the call of the divine voice was heard; and à Kempis, by the rolling sea; and Pascal, as a solitary of Port Royal; have ye ever asked yourselves how your view is to be reconciled with the existence of the world? The law is laid down, God and his will are supreme; if he calls and infuses his grace into the heart man can but obey, the consequence is in God's hands.

On the other hand there have been, and always will be, those who, without setting for themselves a lower *personal* standard than the others, aim at establishing a *modus vivendi* between the world and the Church. The law remains, but its rules are rather to show the ideal than the actual. "Thou shalt not kill" — true, but, if taken literally, how does the soldier differ from the assassin, the hangman from the criminal he executes? "Thou shalt not lie" — but what of him who, tender-hearted, sends the hunters on the track the hare has *not* taken; or who uses an equivoque or even direct false statement to save a human life? "Thou shalt not steal" — but can any one class the mother who takes a loaf for her starving child with the ordinary thief? Now the moment that the smallest deviation is allowed, cases of conscience arise, and a whole casuistry grows up, which almost all would admit must be scientific rather than haphazard, to be defined at will by each more or less rigid moralist. The school which within the Church has most made casuistry a study and a science finds its culmination and its apitest expression in the Jesuits; who at the time of the Port Royal reform were the chief religious directors of society, and had established a *modus vivendi* between the world and the Church.

No one who reads the lives of the early Jesuits can doubt for a moment the purity of their intentions, the personal holiness of their lives, and their hatred of sin. The society was originally founded in order to the propagation of the faith and the conversion of infidels; and it was not unnatural that, existing for that end, and

considering the whole subject broadly, the *most* important matter was that in days of heresy the outward integrity of the Church should be preserved in her form and doctrine, since within her alone did faith and morals seem secure. Better for a while relax morals in some of whose ultimate conversion there was hope while they still remained within the pale, than that erroneous doctrines should sap the very foundations of faith and morals alike, and that the rising tide of Protestantism should carry all away. Therefore the first Jesuits were very bold in fixing the minimum of moral obedience demanded of one who, in spite of sin, yet remained in the faith; they became complaisant in certain cases, where graver evils would have resulted to the Church at large had they not been so. For instance, and it is an instance given by Sainte-Beuve, the Church lays down rigid rules for fasting, but permits relaxations in the case of the sick. Now supposing a man have given himself up to dissipation and excess for a whole day, and on the following day is ill in consequence of that excess, is he bound to fast? Given the original sin, as admitted, confessed, repented, or at least nominally repented — and no human director can judge of the heart — given a penance inflicted, is the duty of fasting to be laid on, say, a Louis XI., an all but absolute monarch, whose weakness from want of food for a single day might interrupt the whole functions of government? The same sort of case in another form comes almost daily before the police magistrate, when he has to decide if drunkenness, the original and admitted fault, is to condone or excuse an after assault. As a rule, he judges according to the *case*, and if that be serious, according to precedents laid down in the law books, but always with a view to the larger interests of society. No one would dream of accusing such a magistrate of lax personal morality should he in such a case incline to a lenient view.

On the other hand, the Jesuits were keenly on the watch for the least hint of false doctrine; even more active, if possible, than were their opponents for the least hint of light morals. Those who have watched the controversy, or rather the silent but earnest struggle on difficult points of philosophic doctrine, which has now for years gone on between the Society of Jesus and the Fathers of Charity, will understand how strongly the Jesuits felt when they considered that St. Augustine's doctrines, misstated by persons of the holi-

est lives, were the more dangerous because of their personal holiness. Being in power when M. de Saint Cyran, the director of Port Royal, espoused the Jansenist interpretation of St. Augustine, the Jesuits used their influence with Richelieu, and took their first step against Port Royal by causing the abbé to be imprisoned for his teaching and for his attacks against their society.

How from his prison the Abbé de Saint Cyran directed the affairs of Port Royal, and emerged more powerful than before, how the war against the Jesuits was carried on by him, as well as by the great book of Arnauld on frequent communion, which may still be read with a languid interest by those who have a turn for theology; how after his death the tradition of wise and holy direction was carried on at Port Royal; there is no need here to speak; nor concerning M. de Singlin, nor of M. d'Andilly, M. de Saci, and others of the Arnauld family, and of all the other men whose names rise vaguely in the memory when any allusion is made to the events of those times; these things must be read in a history of Port Royal. All that has been said is only to make the position and the surroundings of Pascal clear, when he appears on the stage as one of the solitaires of Port Royal. But for him all these names and events, these fervid controversies and eager hearts, the memories even of miraculous interpositions, the dramatic scenes of conventional reform, the pangs of passionate self-abasement, as well as the high diplomatic strife of cardinals and popes, would have been lost as completely as are the traces of the very walls of Port Royal des Champs. Or, if remembered, it would have been as one stirring the immemorial grass may find a fragment here and there to show what once had been. But in Pascal all lives; because he wrote, men have written histories of Port Royal, dissertations on the Jesuits, etc.; in gathering his relics, what was buried with him has been laid bare.

Blaise Pascal, born at Clermont-Ferrand in Auvergne on June 19, 1623, like the Arnaulds, sprang from a well-known legal family, many members of which had held lucrative and responsible positions. His father, to pass over points of interest to any student of the time, but unconnected with our special subject, held the post of intendant or provincial administrator in Normandy, where, and at Paris previously, Pascal lived from the age of sixteen to twenty-five, almost wholly edu-

cated by his father on account of his precarious health. His mother had died when he was eight years old. Etienne Pascal appears to have been a pious but stern person, by no means disposed to entertain or allow any undue exaltation in religion; and thus, unlike the Arnaulds, refused, to the end of his life, permission that his daughter Jacqueline, who had an earnest desire for a cloistered life, should take the veil. But he had the usual faiths and superstitions of his time, and a very singular affair, wherein he played a part, which of course became a matter of family tradition, had, as it would seem, no small share in forming the mind of his son, disposing him to accept the uncommon modes of divine or supernatural manifestation about which most men require greater evidence than is usually forthcoming. When Blaise Pascal was a year old, a woman reputed among the peasantry of Auvergne to be a sorceress, and whom his father refused to aid in a lawsuit, was supposed to have bewitched the infant, who forthwith began to pine visibly away. M. Pascal, who for some time paid no attention to the gossip, at last grew alarmed, and threatening the woman with the direst pains and penalties, brought her to confess that she had indeed bewitched the child, and that his sickness was unto death. The only remedy was that the charm should be laid on some one else, a life for a life, but as the exchange with a human being was not to be thought of, she consented to take a cat. Undeterred by the remonstrances of two monks who came to console Madame Pascal, the family gave her the cat, and with a plaister made from herbs plucked before sunrise by a girl under seven years old, and no doubt bruised down with the cat's blood, the sick infant recovered, predisposed to accept the miracle of the holy thorn, and other occurrences of the like nature. But M. Pascal, who afterwards repented that he had in his eager desire to save his child allowed this new appeal to the powers of evil, must have seen that the witch's ability was stronger to hurt than to save, since the child's feeble health remained feeble to the end.

Intellectually Blaise Pascal grew rapidly to the strength and stature of a giant, and his genius chiefly showed itself in mathematics. He was but twelve when, without the aid of any books—for his father did not approve this direction for his thoughts—he worked out for himself some of the most difficult problems resolved already by Euclid; he was but fif-

teen when his studies on conic sections were thought worthy of being read before the most scientific men of Paris; at nineteen he invented the calculating machine; he was only twenty-three when his experiments on the vacuum, in support of Torricelli's hypothesis, took its place forever among renowned treatises. But his actual reading was at all times narrow. He had little Latin and less Greek; Montaigne, Corneille, and Mlle. De Scudéry were his favorite modern authors. Madame Perrier, his elder sister, was a tender and pious woman, who admired, though she never quite understood, her brother, and afterwards became his biographer, working with the Port Royalists as editor of his remains.

But Jacqueline, the younger sister, was a very different person. Thwarted during her father's lifetime in her desire of becoming a nun of Port Royal, she lived in her own home as austere a life as though she had been professed—without fire in the coldest weather, spending her whole time in prayer, in hard manual labor, and in nursing the sick. On Etienne Pascal's death she entered Port Royal, and became one of the most enthusiastic and the most strict of that rigid rule. It was characteristic of the Jansenist movement that it so often took hold of entire families, and not of isolated members only. But while the whole Pascal family obeyed the influence, it was felt in its extreme form by Jacqueline and Blaise. With him, however, as he would have been the first to admit, there was a certain struggle against his calling. He was twice converted. In 1646 his father, having broken his thigh from a fall on the ice at Rouen, came under the influence of two members of the Jansenist body at that place, who attended him in his illness; and from this dated the more serious thought of the family. But Blaise Pascal, having with his usual enthusiasm thrown himself into geological as before into mathematical studies, injured his health; he was advised to abstain from intellectual labor, and returned to the world of Paris, where his friends the Duc de Roannez, the Chevalier de Méré, and M. Miton were among the best known and the most fashionable names. His father's death gave him the command of considerable means, and he used them freely, not at all, though it has been so hinted, in a vicious manner, but with no exclusion of the pleasures of society. There is some evidence of a proposal that he should marry the Duc de Roannez's sister, and no doubt with some such

scheme before him he wrote his celebrated "Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour." But the memory of the religious influence once exerted over him had never died wholly away. Jacqueline's fervent and exalted piety, though her brother had also opposed her entrance into the cloister, was slowly telling on him, and at last, suddenly, as all great crises come, however prepared beforehand, occurred the second conversion, from which there was never again a moment of backsliding.

It is perhaps not possible to specify the immediate cause, but it may be that an accident at the Pont de Neuilly was not without its effect on this sensitive mind, so ready to believe in the supernatural and in special providences. We are told, though the story comes filtered through many channels, that on a certain *fête* day, Pascal, and several friends in a carriage with him, were taking the fashionable drive over the bridge, when the leaders, in a spot where there was no parapet, bolted and fell into the water, but the traces breaking, the coach itself was stayed upon the very brink. However this may have been, whether from some outward shock or some inward temptation, some relapse into an abandoned evil habit, some glimpse by imagination into the world to come, or some word or letter of his sister, there came a dread night in which for two long hours he wrestled with God as did Jacob of old; and without some such conflict, as Goethe says, no man knows the heavenly powers.

Here are Pascal's own words in reference to this supreme moment.

This year of grace, 1654.

Monday, Nov. 23rd, day of St. Clement, Pope and Martyr, and others in the martyrology. Eve of St. Chrysogonus, martyr, and others. From about half past ten at night to about half after midnight.

Fire.

God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob. Not of the philosophers and the wise. Security, security, feeling, joy, peace. God of Jesus Christ. *Deum meum et Deum vestrum.*

Thy God shall be my God.

Forgetfulness of the world and of all save God. He can be found only in the ways taught in the gospel.

Greatness of the human soul.

Righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee.

Joy, joy, joy, tears of joy.

*Dériduerunt me fontem aquæ vivæ.*

My God, why hast Thou forsaken me? . . . That I be not separated from Thee eternally. This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and him whom thou hast sent, Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ.

I have separated myself from Him; I have fled, renounced, crucified Him. May I never be separated from Him. He maintains Himself only in the ways taught in the gospel. Renunciation total and sweet, etc.

This writing, the record of the second beginning of a new life, was found after his death sewn into his doublet, copied both on parchment and on paper, and his servants believed that at each change of dress he had been accustomed to stitch this "profession of faith," as a sort of charm or amulet, into the folds of the new garment.

From this hour there was a complete change in Pascal's life; austerity, self-denial, absolute obedience to his spiritual director, boundless almsgiving succeeded to what at most had been but a moderate and restrained use of worldly pleasure, and he threw himself into the life, controversy, and interests of Port Royal with all the passion of one who was not only a new convert, but the champion of a society into which those dearest to him had entered even more fully than he. For not only was Jacqueline a nun of that convent, but Mlle. De Roannez, under his influence, was there also with a view of taking the veil, though after Pascal's death she left the cloister once more, to make an unhappy marriage with the Duc de la Feuillade.

When Pascal engaged in the Port Royal struggle, the abbey, and all that was attached to it, greatly needed aid from without. For though the nuns and their school showed no signs of falling off, though fresh men of the world were still enrolling themselves among the solitaries, the power of the Jesuits was ever increasing, and their attacks on the abbey grew more and more violent. Theologically their aim was to gain condemnation from Rome for certain propositions in the works of Jansenius, hoping that the immediate and practical result would be the destruction of the whole spiritual basis on which Port Royal was founded. A bull condemning Jansenius was gained at length from the pope, and a formulary, minimizing the effect so far as was possible, was drawn up by the General Assembly in France, which was ultimately accepted by Port Royal itself. That the condemned propositions were not, in precise terms, what Port Royal had held was a statement involving some little intellectual agility, but of a kind well known to, and easily practised by, theologians of all schools in all ages.

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defeat, so their adversaries exaggerated the victory. A confessor at St. Sulpice refused absolution to a parishioner, because he had a Jansenist residing in his house, and had sent his granddaughter to school at Port Royal. Hence pamphlets and letters from M. Arnauld to the Sorbonne, a recrudescence of irritating controversies without much point, and on which, being in Latin, the public at large could form no opinion. It was at this point that Pascal dashed into the controversy with his "Letters to a Provincial," the first three having reference to the special matter in dispute between M. Arnauld and the Sorbonne; after which, no longer taking a merely defensive line, he turned the attack against the enemy in his entrenched camp of morals.

It would be as impossible as it would be needless to speak at length here on the "Provincial Letters;" they would require a study to themselves, and they are noticed solely as a link in the history of the events which led to the "Pensées." To those who are unable to enter fully into the controversies of the time — and to read the "Provinciales" without this were idle waste of time over an incomprehensible book — the chapter in Sainte-Beuve's Port Royal will perhaps give information enough on this most interesting subject.

In the "Provinciales" Pascal found his true style, and took rank at once among the great French writers. He had probably been himself unaware of his own powers, since his previous papers on the vacuum, and on his calculating machine, though clear and simple, show no trace, nor was it necessary they should show trace, of the admirable language, polished, witty, indignant, or pathetic of the "Lettres Provinciales." These contributed largely to turn the scale of feeling for the time against his adversaries; they and an occurrence in which he saw the visible finger of God saved Port Royal for the time, as did also in part the acceptance of the Port Royalists of the papal bull, with whatever mental reservations they accepted it. The great strife, however, outlived Pascal, and outlived Port Royal. A century afterwards, in 1762, the society was expelled from France, as at other times it was from other countries, but always to return after a while. And in this the Jesuits have shown persistency and constancy; their labors and the record of them have filled the world; never have sufferings and martyrdom been borne more courageously than by the Jesuit fathers. The controversy is not yet closed.

The devotion and the goodness of individuals is admitted, but the word Jesuit is still the synonym in many quarters for all that is sly and underhand, even where the charge of lax morality in other matters is for the time in abeyance. Sainte-Beuve goes so far as to say: "If we take them one by one, they are often excellent people, honorable in spite of all their subtlety; there have been among them men of vast erudition, of heroic devotion. But if we take the whole of their conduct and their influence, our tone must change. The individuals may be in general good, but the body, and the spirit of the body, are detestable." He quotes a certain abbé, a friend of Grimm and Diderot, and correspondent of Mme. d'Epinay, who said in one of his letters, "Every Jesuit was charming, moral, useful, but the society as a whole, which however is only the individuals in a body, hateful, morally corrupt, pernicious. Others may explain this strange phenomenon: I am lost when I try to do so."

This seems very like nonsense, if it does not shirk the question. To say that a congeries of sweets makes a sour, or of moral men an immoral body, is a contradiction in terms. Pascal would never have given such a crude explanation. Here is what he did say, in the fifth letter: —

Know, then, that they do not intend to corrupt morals, that is not their design, but on the other hand the reformation of morals is not their sole end, which would be bad policy. Their thought is this. They have so good an opinion of themselves as to think that it is useful and even necessary to the good of religion that their credit should be everywhere extended, and that they should have sway over all consciences. And because the severe maxims of the gospel are fit to govern some kinds of people, they use them whenever these are favorable to them. But as the same maxims do not accord with the designs of the majority of men, they abandon them in regard to these, so as to be able to satisfy everybody.

Making allowance for the tone of the sentence, which has a deliberate bitterness in it intended to give offence, no Jesuit need object to this, while we may even admit that the Jesuits are right, if they are to be considered, and if they consider themselves, as ruling and moving the world.

This moreover may be said without hesitation, that unless there be a certain practical giving and taking between ordinary human nature and that higher nature which is the ideal, the ordinary nature

would be crushed out, and the world would come to a speedy end. It is well to aim at the highest even when in our inmost mind we know we cannot attain it, for, as says George Herbert, "Who aims at sky shoots higher far than he that aims at a tree;" but this once admitted, the degree of giving and taking must always be uncertain, and each case here also must be judged on its own merits. All honor to Pascal that he set before him the highest ideal, and endeavored to raise every man to it. If the fathers whom he mentions by name went too far, if certain maxims involved the danger that they might be unwholesomely applied, it is well this should be pointed out; and we may forever be thankful to Pascal that he has shown us danger or vice wherever it lurks. The evils which he calls, and which have since been called, Jesuitical, exist, and are to be condemned; but as under the old law Pharisaism was not confined to the Pharisees alone, neither were all Pharisees Pharisaical, so when Pascal assailed Jesuits as his master assailed the Pharisees, there were many who did not deserve the condemnation, and no doubt some of those he named were living holy and self-sacrificing lives. It must always be remembered that the "Provinciales" was a political pamphlet as well as a religious treatise, and that Pascal, like many another man of strong opinions and convictions, was a thorough-going partisan. And, taking the world as it is, little work is done in it, except by those who are partisans. But with this caution, and with this remembrance, we may give ourselves wholly to Pascal in his abhorrence of the moral evils which he assailed.

He had no doubt that God was fighting for him and in him, that the strength which was in his words was given to him from above, and that visible signs and wonders came to confirm the side he was defending. There are few passages more eloquent than the famous outburst in the 16th Provincial: —

Cruel and cowardly persecutors, are not even the most secluded cloisters an asylum against your calumnies? While night and day these holy virgins adore Jesus Christ in the Holy Sacrament, as is their vow, you cease not night and day to declare abroad that they do not believe that He is in the Eucharist, nor even at the right hand of the Father, and you cut them off publicly from the Church while they are praying in secret for you and for all the Church. You calumniate those who have neither ears to hear you nor lips to answer. But Jesus Christ, in whom they are hidden, that they may one day appear with Him, hears you, and an-

swers for them. We hear, at this very day, that voice holy and terrible which astounds nature and consoles the Church; and I fear, my Father, that they who harden their hearts and stubbornly refuse to hear Him when He speaks as God, will be forced to listen with terror when He shall speak to them as Judge.

The voice had spoken in what is known as the miracle of the holy thorn, to which we must turn for a while.

M. Arnauld had been condemned by the Sorbonne, and his enemies said he had been excommunicated, which was not technically true; he was in danger of arrest, and had to seek various hiding-places; the solitaries of Port Royal were almost all scattered; the schools were thinned of their pupils, and on the point of closing; the confessors were about to be withdrawn and the nuns dispersed, when the miracle took place. Jacqueline Perrier, Pascal's niece, a child of ten years old, was one of the pupils not as yet dismissed to her home. She was at Port Royal in Paris, tenderly nursed for a terrible complaint, an ulcer in the lachrymal gland, which had destroyed the bones of the nose, and produced other horrors of which there is no need to speak. A relic of the Saviour, a thorn of his crown of mockery, which had been entrusted to the nuns, and was adored in the chapel, passed, as it would seem, from hand to hand, in its reliquary. When the turn of the scholars came, Sister Flavia, their mistress, moved by a sudden impulse, said, "My child, pray for your eye," and touched the ulcer with the reliquary. None at the time noticed any change, so absorbed were they in devotion, but after the ceremony Jacqueline told another child that she thought she was cured. As soon as it came to the ears of the superior, then La Mère Marie des Anges, she desired silence on the subject, and sent for the surgeon who had already declared the disease beyond remedy. When he recognized his patient, he, without looking closely, said, "What do you wish me to do? Have I not already said the case is incurable?" When pressed to examine the patient, he declared the cure miraculous, but at the instance of the superior, who was afraid of drawing further attention to a house so persecuted, he kept silence. However, he fell ill with fever, and feared he had done wrong in not publishing and attesting the miracle, which he accordingly did. Thus it happened that it was not for full three weeks after the cure on March 24, 1655, that the matter was really noised abroad. But the effect

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was immediate, the remaining solitaires were not dispersed, some of those who had gone returned, the confessors were not removed, the school was not closed, and Port Royal was respite for a time.

That a cure rapid, unexpected, and singular took place is a fact of which there cannot be the smallest doubt, there is scarcely any event of those days so well attested, nor is there any difficulty in giving an explanation of the matter, enabling us to understand what may have been the scientific basis of the whole affair. That a simple tumor had been mistaken for a far graver malady, and that pressure had relieved it, that the wounds of otherwise healthy children are rapidly healed, that the report, seven days after the occurrence, of a surgeon already so gravely mistaken about the complaint, is not to be received implicitly, are thoughts arising spontaneously to minds which reject the supernatural; and there is no need to discuss the precise details which, if they could not then, assuredly cannot now be known with exactitude. A miracle, supposing one really to have been proved, would work on different classes of minds in quite different ways. If it were really shown beyond a shadow of doubt that the disease in question had destroyed, not merely affected, a part of the living organism, that the application of the reliquary had recreated perished tissue, that it had in fact reversed the whole ascertained course of nature, there are persons who would, however unwillingly, see in such cure the authenticity of the relic of Him from whom healing powers proceeded. They would enter on a course of thought, widening ever from this small point of the sacred thorn to include all supernatural, all Catholic dogma, so that the belief in relics would thenceforth become not the most difficult, but the most easy article of faith. There are, again, minds holding the faith firmly, who would see in this one more surprising manifestation of God's power, a *voix de tonnerre*. We can imagine others equally faithful, equally confident that the age of miracles had not ceased, to whom the matter would present scarcely any points of interest, because it was so trivial in comparison with the stupendous event involved in the Christian scheme; as Cardinal Newman enumerates some of the most astounding occurrences narrated in the lives of the saints, and concerning relics, and then says:—

I do not see how we can scruple at any miracle on the mere ground of its being unlikely to happen. No miracle can be so great

as that which took place in the holy house at Nazareth; it is indefinitely more difficult to believe than all the miracles of the Breviary, of the Martyrology, of saints' lives, of legends, of local traditions put together, and there is the grossest inconsistency on the very face of the matter for any one so to strain out the gnat and to swallow the camel, as to profess what is inconceivable yet to protest against what is surely within the limits of intelligible hypothesis. If through Divine grace we are once able to accept the solemn truth that the Supreme Being was born of a mortal woman, what is there to be imagined which can offend us on the ground of its marvellousness?

Pascal was in the second of these classes. The miracle was at once a solemn matter of religion and a family occurrence; he took henceforward as his cognizance, not perhaps with the best artistic taste, an eye encircled with a crown of thorns, and the motto, "Scio cui credidi"—I know in whom I have believed. In the miracle we see the link which joins two sides of Pascal's character, that chiefly shown in the "Provinciales," and that chiefly in the "Pensées," which latter book hangs, as it were, on the miracle of the holy thorn. The conversation with M. de Saint Saci, so well known as prefaced to several editions of the "Pensées," took place, if indeed it was one conversation, and not rather a recollection of many, between the spring of 1657 and that of 1658. It was the last year of his good health, if that can be called good which was at best but feeble. In that year he indicated the plan of his intended work, and wrote the most finished paragraphs, generally the beginnings of the chapters. The detached thoughts which make up the bulk of the work were sketched as they occurred to him, during the last four years of his life, on scraps of paper or on the margin of what he had already written, often when from his nervous malady he was quite incapable of sustained employment, except in the problems of geometry and the higher mathematics; for in his deep application to these he sometimes succeeded in forgetting and mastering the terrible pains which tortured him.

They ended only with his life, on August 9, 1662, at the age of thirty-nine, the last years of which had been spent in an ecstasy of self-denial, of charity, and aspiration after God. Not for six years after his death were his family and friends able to consider in what form his unfinished work should be given to the world. Then Port Royal had a breathing-space, the peace of the Church was established by

Clement IX., and it was clear that the time had come to set in order these precious fragments. The duty of giving an author's works to the world as he left them was little understood in those days, and the Duc de Roannez had even suggested that Pascal's whole work should be rewritten on the lines he had laid down. Some editing was on all hands allowed to be necessary; thus the arrangement of chapters and the fragments to be included in chapters were matters for fair difference of opinion and discussion. But the committee, of which mention has already been made, went further, and even when the text had been settled by *them*, it had to undergo a further censorship by various theologians. Finally, in January, 1670, the "Pensées" appeared as a small duodecimo, with a preface by the Perrier family, and no mention of Port Royal in the volume. But it was all the same a Port Royalist and Jansenist book, and as such had much exercised the mind of the Archbishop of Paris, M. Péréfixe, before its publication. He wished to see a copy before it was in the hands of others, and was put off till the book was published under the allegation, on the part of the bookseller, that no copies had been earlier bound. Then he wished that there should be bound with the work a statement by the curé of St. Etienne du Mont, to the effect that Pascal had retracted his Jansenist opinions on his deathbed. This was cut short by a new title-page, calling the unsold copies "second edition," so that further change was impossible. The book had its effect at once, it took its place among the glories of Port Royal, from which the storm was for a time more and more clearing away.

We have already glanced at the three more recent editions, the only ones which need detain us here. It must always be remembered that each editor necessarily follows his own taste and judgment in regard to the position he should give to fragments not placed by the writer, often uncertain from the dubious wording, partly from the extreme illegibility of Pascal's own writing after his health failed, partly from the imperfect education of the servant who often acted as his amanuensis. But provided that an editor makes no changes merely for the sake of change, and loyally enters into the spirit of his predecessors, each new comer, till once the arrangement is finally fixed, has a great advantage. Such an editor is M. Molinier, and in his arrangement the text of Pascal would seem to be mainly if not

wholly fixed; so that for the first time we have not only Pascal's thoughts, but we have them approximately arranged as he designed to present them to his readers. A recent French critic has said that the ideal edition of Pascal would be M. Hervet's notes applied to M. Molinier's text, which is that which we have followed in the present article.

It is well to hear what the writer said of his work before taking our own view of it.

I do not undertake to prove here by natural reasons either the existence of God, or the Trinity, or the Immortality of the Soul, nor aught of that kind, not only because I do not feel myself strong enough to find in nature wherewithal to convince hardened atheists, but also because without Jesus Christ such knowledge is useless and barren. Though a man should be persuaded that the proportions of numbers are immaterial truths, eternal and dependent on a first truth in which they exist, and which we call God, I do not find him much advanced in the way of salvation.

The general introduction is one of the portions of the work which, though remaining fragmentary, is here and there finished, and lays down certain principles lying at the root of Pascal's whole system. That God is hidden, and can be perceived only by those who seek him with their whole hearts, that those who have not found have not sought, that those who do not seek must be living immoral and careless lives, are the theses laid down. That men denied out of carelessness or bravado was an axiom; that they could have a system alternative to the orthodox was inconceivable, or at least was not conceived by Pascal. "How," he says, "can such an argument as the following occur to a reasoning man?"

"I know not who has sent me into the world, nor what the world is, nor what I am; I am terribly ignorant of everything; I know not what my body is, nor my senses, nor my soul, nor even that part of me which thinks what I say, which reflects on all and on itself, yet is as ignorant of itself as of all beside. I see those dreadful spaces of the universe which close me in, and I find myself chained in one corner of the vast expanse, without knowing why I am set in this place rather than elsewhere, or why this moment of time given me for life is assigned to this point rather than another of the whole Eternity which was before me or which shall come after me. I see nothing but infinities on every side, which close me round as an atom, and as a shadow which endures but for an instant and returns no more. I know only that I must shortly die, but what

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more.

I know the least is this very death which I cannot avoid.

"As I know not whence I come, so I know not whither I go; only this I know, that on departing this world, I shall either fall forever into nothingness, or into the hands of an offended God, without knowing which of these two conditions shall forever be my lot. Such is my state, full of weakness and uncertainty; from all which I conclude that I ought to pass all the days of my life without thought of searching out what must happen to me. Perhaps I might find some solution of my doubts, but I will not take the trouble, nor stir a foot in search; and after treating with scorn those who labor therein and are careful, I will go without foresight or fear to make trial of the grand event, and allow myself to be led softly on to death, uncertain of the eternity of my future condition."

Who would wish to have for his friend a man who should thus speak; who would choose him rather than another for advice in business; who would turn to him in sorrow? And indeed to what use in life could we put him?

And among certain detached notes, which seem clearly intended to be woven into the general preface, we find striking sentences like these: —

Is it courage in a dying man that he dare, in his weakness and agony, face an almighty and eternal God?

Again: —

A man in a dungeon who knows not whether his doom is fixed, who has but one hour to learn it, and this hour enough, should he know that it is allowed him, to obtain its repeal, would act against all nature did he employ that hour not in learning his sentence, but in playing piquet.

So it is against nature that man, etc. It is to add weight to the hand of God.

Again: —

Between us and hell or heaven there is nought but life, the frailest thing in all the world.

In all this we must remember the views of the time. On the one side was Catholic doctrine, all but untouched. The Huguenots had but little influence on French life, they probably entered less into it than the Quakers do into that of our own days; on the other hand there was the frivolity and the scandalous lives of French men of pleasure, whose interest it was to flout that which they feared. Of a life spent in striving after the highest human ideal without fear of punishment, and without hope of reward other than that of seeking all which is noble and true and of good report, of men who felt that

because right is right, to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence,

Pascal knew nothing; he was, as every man is, the child of his time, and it would have been as impossible for him to understand the position of a religious unbeliever or sceptic or positivist as it would have been for Plato or Socrates to understand the life and faith of a mediæval monk. But he made the further mistake, not uncommon, of confusing the sceptic with the man who denies; he insisted that whoever suspended his judgment on any matter must be taken to affirm the opposite — and this though there was in him a deep vein of unconscious scepticism. He clung as passionately to the least secure points of his faith as to the more stable, lest allowing any one to slip from his grasp he might fall into the abyss. And now and then, by the very vehemence of his assertion, he shows that he is endeavoring to cry down a rising doubt.

"The disproportion of man with nature" is one of the thoughts which he uses the most, to intensify, so to speak, the greatness of God. And in the chapter wherein he sets forth this thought occurs one of his most sustained passages, and one of the best-known sentences. We must quote this, though feeling keenly that the force and majesty of the words evaporate when transferred to another language than that in which they were first conceived and written.

If a man contemplate the whole course of nature in its full and exalted majesty, and turn his eyes from the low objects which hem him round, if he observe that brilliant light set like an eternal lamp to illumine the universe, if the earth appear to him a point in comparison with the vast circle described by that sun, he will see with amazement that even this vast circle is itself but a fine point in regard to that described by the stars revolving in the firmament. If our view be arrested there, let imagination pass beyond, and it will sooner exhaust the power of thinking than nature that of giving scope for thought. The whole visible world is but an imperceptible point in the ample bosom of nature. No idea approaches it. We may swell our conceptions beyond all imaginable space, yet bring forth only atoms in comparison with the reality of things. *It is an infinite sphere, the centre of which is everywhere, the circumference nowhere.* It is, in short, the greatest sensible mark of the almighty power of God; let imagination lose itself in the very thought.

Then if, returning to himself, a man consider what he himself is compared with all that exists; if he regard himself as wandering in a remote province of nature; then from the little dungeon in which he finds himself lodged, I

mean the universe, he will learn to set a true value on the earth, on its kingdoms, its cities, and on himself. . . .

For after all what is man in nature? A nothing in regard to the infinite, a whole in regard to nothing, a mean between nothing and the whole; infinitely removed from understanding either extreme. The end of things and their beginning are invincibly hidden from him in impenetrable secrecy, he is equally incapable of seeing the nothing whence he was taken and the infinite in which he is engulfed.

Like a host of other striking thoughts, Pascal's claim to the invention of the magnificent sentence about nature which we have italicized, has been disputed; it has been traced through Montaigne, Rabelais, Hermes Trismegistus to Empedocles, in the middle of the fifth century before Christ. But he would have cared little had any one told him the thought was none of his. He anticipated such objections in a fragment which he called "Preface to the First Part."

Let no one say I have said nothing new; the disposition of my matter is new. In playing tennis, two men play with the same ball, but one places it better.

It might as truly be said that my words have been used before. And if the same thoughts in a different arrangement do not form a different discourse, so neither do the same words in a different arrangement form different thoughts.

From man's disproportion Pascal passes by a natural transition to the thought that neither nature nor self can satisfy man. His restlessness requires perpetual distraction and diversion.

Men have [he says] a secret instinct prompting them to look for amusement and occupation from without, which arises from the sense of their continual pain. They have another secret instinct, a relic of the greatness of our primitive nature, teaching them that happiness indeed consists in rest and not in turmoil.

Again: —

Man is weary, and seeks a multitude of occupations only because he has the idea of a lost happiness. And not finding this in himself, he seeks it vainly in external things, without being able to content himself, because it is neither in us, nor in the creatures, but in God alone.

In these words we come upon the similarity of devout souls in however distant ages. An object which is not self, wherein the heart must rest, call it what we will, is that which alone satisfied St. Augustine. "The heart has no peace," he said, "until it rest in Thee." Thomas à Kempis found it in the cross: "Walk where

thou wilt, seek what thou wilt, and thou wilt find no higher way above, no safer way below than the way of the holy Cross." Toplady found it in Jesus: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee" — as the rock in the desert of the world. Auguste Comte found it in the motto wherein he gathered up all the devotions and self-denials and martyrdoms and renunciations of the past, "Vivre pour autrui." If analyzed carefully, we shall find that the thought which Augustine had of the God in whom he rested was a shade different from that which Pascal had of the same Being. The Cross of Thomas was again a different conception from the Riven Rock of Toplady; the humanity which rose majestic before the French philosopher was widely apart from all. Yet considered as that which is outside self, and with a view to the rest of the soul, how true are Faust's words to Gretchen, when she thought that his creed was not wholly unlike what she had heard from her priest, though the phrase was somewhat different! —

Call it then what thou wilt,  
Call it Joy, Heart, Love, God,  
I find no name for It,  
Since all is feeling.  
The name is sound and smoke  
Darkening the glow of heaven.

Herein is the true continuity of human thought, that when we go out of self, in whatever way, we are linked to all great souls, past, present, and to be.

A chapter on "The Greatness and Littleness of Man," which unfortunately remains in a very fragmentary state, sums up and completes the two which precede it. But it is extremely interesting as showing how, try as he will to make little of man, he breaks out into praise of the ideal man, who, it must ever be remembered, is the only true man, the ideal to which we all tend, after which we all strive. There is in it an outburst like that of the Psalmist on the same topic, who said: —

When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers,  
The moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained,  
What is man that Thou art mindful of him,  
And the son of man that Thou visitest him?  
For Thou hast made him a little lower than  
the angels  
To crown him with glory and worship.

And here is Pascal: —

The greatness of man consists in thought.  
Not from space would I seek my dignity, but

from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the Universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom, by thought I encompass it.

Man is but a reed, weakest in all nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole Universe should arm to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water is enough to kill him. But were the Universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which slays him, because he knows that he dies, and that the Universe has the better of him. The Universe knows nothing of this.

All our dignity therefore consists in thought. By this must we raise ourselves, not by space or duration which we cannot fill. Then let us make it our study to think well, and this is the starting-point of morals.

The greatness of man is great in that he knows he is wretched. A tree does not know that it is wretched.

It is therefore little to know ourselves little, and it is great to know ourselves little.

Thus his very infirmities prove man's greatness. They are the infirmities of a great lord, of a disrowned king.

We must pass over much that is full of interest, on "Justice, Habits, and Prejudices," on "The Weakness, Unrest, and Defects of Man," in which are deep thoughts and pregnant sentences implicitly containing volumes, to dwell for a moment on a passage concerning "Self-love," as an instance of Pascal's dexterity as a controversialist. He is showing that a true appreciation of self would prevent anger at those who think ill of us, "since it is but just that men should know us as we are, and despise us if we are despicable." This is in the exact spirit of Thomas à Kempis, who says:—

Son, take it not to heart if some think ill of thee, and say of thee what thou dost not gladly hear.

Thou oughtest to think worse things of thyself, and to believe that no one is weaker than thyself.

When Pascal has laid down this general truth and pointed out how often we wish others to have an erroneously favorable opinion of us, he suddenly localizes, so to speak, and narrows the controversy in the most unexpected manner.

One proof of this fills me with dismay. The Catholic religion does not oblige us to tell out our sins indiscriminately to all; it allows us to remain hidden from men in general, but she excepts one alone to whom she commands us to open the very depths of our heart, and to show ourselves to him as we are. There is but this one man in the world whom she orders us to undeceive; she binds him to an inviolable secrecy so that this knowledge is to him as

though it were not. We can imagine nothing more charitable and more tender. Yet such is the corruption of man, that he finds even this law harsh, and it is one of the main reasons which has set a large portion of Europe in revolt against the Church.

How unjust and unreasonable is the human heart which finds it hard to be obliged to do in regard to one man what in some degree it were just to do to all men! For is it just that we should deceive them?

Thus suddenly, and as an *argumentum ad hominem*, he sharpens a general principle for the men around him who were leading light lives. While it is not necessarily true, as theologians often assume, that a man who denies their principles and therefore neglects their practice is immoral, it is more often true than not, that he who admits their principle, and yet neglects the consequent practice, hates the light because his deeds are evil.

As the introduction to the whole work was more elaborated than much which was to follow, so also there are portions worked out in great detail in the earlier chapters of the second part, wherein Pascal passes to his more constructive argument that the Scripture reveals a Redeemer who will give man his true happiness. Perhaps no single passage shows his method, his own absolute security of faith, his daring statement of the other side, his changing from argument into passionate pleading, more than the celebrated comparison of belief and unbelief to a great game of chance, in which the probabilities are on the side of belief, on which side therefore it were better to stake. There is a danger of making this most luminous of writers obscure through excess of concentration, in not giving the passage in full, but it were too long to quote entire.

Let us [he says] examine this point and say, "God is or He is not." But to which side shall we incline? Reason can determine nothing about it. There is an infinite gulf fixed between us. A game is playing at the extremity of this infinite distance, in which heads or tails may turn up. What will you wager? There is no reason for backing either one or the other; you cannot reasonably argue in favor of either. . . . Yet you must wager; this depends not on your will, you are embarked in the affair. Which will you choose? . . . You have two things to lose, truth and good, and two things to stake, your reason and your will, your knowledge and your happiness; and your nature has two things to avoid, error and misery. Since you must needs choose, your nature is no more wounded in choosing one or the other.

Then, after working out this in great detail, he clinches the matter thus:—

It is of no avail to say it is uncertain that we may gain and certain that we risk, and that the infinite distance between the certainty of what is staked and the uncertainty of what we shall gain, equals the finite good which is certainly staked against an uncertain infinite. This is not so. Every gambler stakes a certainty to gain an uncertainty, and yet he stakes a finite certainty against a finite uncertainty without acting unreasonably.

At last he makes his antagonist say that he admits what has been said, but

My hands are tied and my mouth is gagged: I am forced to wager and am not free; none can release me, but I am so made that I cannot believe. What would you have me to do?

True. But understand at least your incapacity to believe, since your reason leads you to belief and yet you cannot believe. Labor then to convince yourself, not by increase of the proof of God, but by diminution of your passions. You would fain arrive at faith but know not the way; you would heal yourself of unbelief, and you ask remedies for it. Learn of those who have been bound as you are, but who now stake all that they possess; these are persons who know the way which you would follow, who are cured of a disease of which you would be cured. Follow the path by which they began, by making believe that they believed, taking the holy water and having masses said, etc.

If my words please you and seem to you cogent, know that they are those of one who has thrown himself on his knees before and after to pray to that Being, infinite and without parts, to whom he submits all his own being, that you also would submit to Him all yours, for your own good and for His glory.

In this daring balance of dread chances, in the warm affection for human souls, in the way in which he considers that the greater not only includes but supposes the less, so that there is nothing mean nor insignificant in the remedy of holy water, when once the fact is grasped that finite things are sacraments of the infinite, and in the sudden turns from the abstract to the concrete application, Pascal is strangely like our great modern, by whom the Catholic faith is shown at its fairest, yet who never shrinks — sometimes, as it would seem, out of the very perversity of paradox — from placing before us its greatest stumbling-blocks, John Henry, Cardinal Newman.

There is a final fragment to the section from which a quotation has already been taken which is most characteristic, and especially so in this, that it is impossible to say whether Pascal meant to say it in

his own person, or to put it into the mouth of his opponent. At any rate it has so autobiographic a ring that we cannot doubt the thoughts had been his own in those dread hours of doubt, whereof he spoke with such pathos.

This is what I see, and it troubles me. I look on all sides, and see nothing but obscurity; nature offers me nothing but matter for doubt and disquiet. Did I see nothing there which marked a Divinity, I should decide not to believe in Him. Did I see everywhere the marks of a Creator, I should rest peacefully in faith. But seeing too much to deny, and too little to affirm, my state is pitiful; and I have a hundred times wished that, if God upheld nature, He would mark the fact unequivocally; but that if the signs which she gives of a God are fallacious, she would wholly suppress them, that she would either say all or say nothing, that I might see what part I should take. Instead of this, in my present state, ignorant of what I am and of what I ought to do, I know neither my condition nor my duty. My heart is wholly bent to know where is the true good in order to follow it; nothing would seem too costly for eternity.

It may frankly be admitted that while detached thoughts in many chapters in the second part, on "Philosophy," on the "Sacred Books," on "Prophecy," and the like, are of value and interest, the whole manner of dealing with Biblical criticism is so totally unlike that of our days, so apart from all our train of thought, that it would be unprofitable to summarize this portion of the work. It will always be read to show Pascal's method; gems of thought and diction are imbedded in it, but the present state of Biblical criticism renders it quite impossible to consider Pascal's views on these points as a serious contribution to it. Yet let none who study the man rather than his knowledge of the Bible, none who look for spiritual guidance apart from the particular form in which, according to the time, it has clothed itself, pass by these chapters. If they do, they will miss such grand passages as this:—

All that is in the world is the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, or the pride of life: *libido sentiendi, libido sciendi, libido dominandi*. Woe to the land of malediction which these three rivers of flame enkindle rather than refresh. Happy they who on these rivers are not overwhelmed nor carried away, but are immovably fixed upon the floods; not standing erect, but seated on a firm and sure base, whence they rise not before the dawn; when, after having rested there in peace, they stretch forth their hands to Him who will lift them up and cause them to stand firm and upright in

the porches of the heavenly Jerusalem, where pride may no more assail nor cast them down; and who yet weep, not to see all those perishable things crumble which the torrents sweep away, but at the remembrance of their dear country, that Jerusalem which is above, which they remember without ceasing while the days of their exile are prolonged.

The rivers of Babylon rush and fall and sweep away.

O holy Sion! where all is firm and nothing falls.

We must sit upon the floods; not under them, nor in them, but on them; not standing, but seated; being seated to be humble, and above them in security. But in the porches of Jerusalem we shall stand upright.

Let us see if our pleasure is stable or fluent; if it pass away, it is a river of Babylon.

The final sections in M. Molinier's edition are those on "Miracles, with Special Reference to that of the Holy Thorn," on "The Jesuits," on "Style," and one composed of "Varions Thoughts," for which no other place could be found. That on miracles is exceedingly fragmentary, but the fragments throw much light on Pascal's whole attitude in regard to the supernatural. He is bold enough to attempt a definition of miracles, and then draws a curious deduction from his definition.

*Miracle.* — An effect which exceeds the natural force of the means employed; and non-miracle an effect not exceeding the natural force of the means employed. Thus those who heal by invoking the devil work no miracle, for that does not exceed the natural power of the devil.

No doubt he was considering the tale handed down from his own nursery days, and made up his mind that the old woman who had first bewitched him, then healed him by herbs and the blood of a cat, had worked no miracle, but used only the natural means of her master and ally. But the miracle of the thorn was the clear will of God.

Here is a sacred relic, here is a thorn from the crown of the Saviour of the world, on whom the prince of this world has no power, who works miracles by the immediate power of the blood that was shed for us. Thus God has Himself chosen this house wherein openly to show forth His power.

Here are not men who work miracles by an unknown and doubtful virtue, obliging us to a difficult discrimination; it is God Himself; it is the instrument of passion of His only Son, who, being in many places, chose this, and made men come from all sides, there to receive miraculous succor in their weaknesses.

And being thus sure in his own mind, he propounds this dilemma: —

Which is the most clear?

This house is not of God, for they there do not believe that the five propositions are in Jansenius.

Others: This house is of God, for in it strange miracles are done.

Which is the most clear?

Then on a detached scrap of paper he flings this ecstatic meditation: —

As God has made no family more happy, He should also find none more grateful.

The fragments on Jesuits and Jansenists need not long detain us. We have already seen Pascal's position in the matter, and those who will know it in detail must turn to the "Provinciales." But one passage is most valuable, as showing the human revolt which broke out now and then even in so obedient a son of the Church, when he saw his enemies gaining the upper hand, and he was conscious of his own integrity and confident of the soundness of his cause.

The Inquisition and the Society are the two scourges of the truth.

If my letters are condemned at Rome, what I condemn is condemned in heaven.

*Ad tuum, domine Iesu, tribunal appello.*

Nor need the remaining sections detain us, though in them there occurs the interesting passage on the differences between the mathematical mind and the mind of the practical man of business, and other thoughts, worthy of attention, did space allow; but it has been necessary, since somewhat must be overlooked, to dwell almost exclusively on the religious side of Pascal's mind.

Enough has been said to show the exceeding value and interest of a book so much talked of, yet so little studied, in England; of the life of one whose name is on the lips of many, but, again in England, written in the hearts of so few. In France it is very different; the prophet has honor in his own country, may he have it increasingly among ourselves, for he deserves all we can give. Not, indeed, the honor of agreement; that is not in our power, though he and the great divine whom, as has been said, he most resembles among ourselves hold that faith is largely a matter of the will; but the honor that we recognize him as one of the great thinkers of the world, who, as all such, has given thought a new impulse even when he sought to restrain it in the interests of what he deemed truth. He has been like some weird cast across a mighty river, which seeming to check its course has given it a fresh impulse and added to

its picturesqueness and beauty. Thought would indeed be a sluggish stream had there been no such limitations through which it had burst.

And when in time to come fuller knowledge brings fuller agreement, and men's thoughts take that sameness in variety which is the characteristic of the mighty sea, though uniform, not sluggish nor dull, because so vast, so majestic, the sense of earlier obstruction to any of the waters which form it will have passed away; then will be remembered the glory and the grace alone of the affluent which flowed over Pascal, and through him, over one branch of the great stream of Catholic thought.

C. KEGAN PAUL.

From Good Words.

#### BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### GREENWICH AND THE ACADEMY.

KING LUD was almost frantic with delight on account of an ovation which was to be paid to him—not by the multitudes of the city which his great namesake is said to have founded, but by two or three quite private and obscure persons, one of whom, a square-shouldered little individual with a strong dash of the child still in her wilful girlhood, had turned the unfortunate fellow's head. His friends, with Marianne Dugdale among them, were to go down to Greenwich to spend an afternoon there under his leadership and drink tea in his room. Lady Fermor too declared herself equal to the effort, even though it had been a dinner in the Trafalgar.

The day was as fine as could have been wished for "a family party," as Lady Fermor called it, complaining that there was a danger of its being as dull as family parties generally were. They drove down to the dirty little old town of Elizabethan and naval memories and made their way to the grand terrace before Queen Mary's and Sir Christopher Wren's hospital, which time's changes have converted into a college. Everybody's spirits rose. How could he or she help it under the inspiring influence of the blue sky and the wide, flowing river—the great watery highway to the largest city in the world? A brown

"streak" turned up with silver, it swayed and rippled and throbbed, with its fringes of tall masts and flapping sails, from Gravesend to Wapping, its Isle of Dogs converted into a custom-house station, its Deptford ringing with hammers as when Peter the Great riveted a bolt there, its Woolwich marshes bounding the arsenal where Woolwich infants are cradled and rocked. Barges laden with hay and coals crept lazily along with the sunlight red in their umber-colored sails. Steamers churned the water as they darted by, puffing out grey smoke and wreaths of white vapor. Here was the column erected to the gallant young Frenchman Bellot, who earned the gratitude of a foreign nation by the fruitless attempt to discover its lost heroes beyond the terrible barriers of everlasting snows and huge, glittering icebergs. He left half his tale untold, but there was a living man—sandy-haired, moon-faced, large-limbed, standing there, among the every-day group, who, if he were permitted to leave out his own doings, could add something to the fascinating, ghastly story.

Within the big domed building was the painted hall, with the portraits of all the captains bold of whom the best artist in their day could leave tokens. There were Drake and Blake, Rodney and Anson, Cloudesley Shovel and Benbow, and in a shrine by himself the various representations of "Harry Bluff," of whom, when he was a fearless middy, the old salts had sworn—

One day he'd lead the van;  
and here he was, from the maimed lad  
still foremost in the fray, to the man with  
many orders on his breast dying in the  
cockpit of the "Victory."

For once King Lud was the most favored of men in his surroundings, and he rose to the occasion. He descended, all the more tellingly that it was with modesty and sincerity, on the true glory of his profession, its adventures, exposure, self-denial, and self-sacrifice. Who could think of the advantages of good English estate, even of a fine old English manor-house and an ancient title, at such a moment? Not Marianne Dugdale, who was entranced with all she saw and heard, until she envied the little boys climbing the rigging of the training-ship and the very invalids in the floating hospital of the "Dreadnought." She had the different parts of the vessels, the science of their steering, the method of their logs, the movements of their compasses ex-

plained to her. She did not tire of hearing the curious details of their flags and signals, she was not at rest till she had walked across the park where Greenwich Fair was wont to be held, as far as the Observatory, to have her watch set by the great dial, and she honored the lieutenant by appointing him to conduct the operation. Iris and Sir William were strolling among the English elms and Spanish chestnuts, past the railed-in stump of a tree garlanded with ivy, which is said to have been a stripling when William and his Normans conquered Saxon England, to One-tree Hill in order not to miss the second of the three finest views of London, rising dimly out of the haze and extending in a grand sweep from the water towers of the Crystal Palace to those cupolas of Sir Christopher Wren's, while all the time the faint, hoarse murmur of the terrible mill which grinds, not corn, but human hearts and brains, was heard without ceasing, uttering its fit accompaniment to the scene. As for Lady Fermor she was long ago under the sleepless guardianship of Soames, being made as comfortable as circumstances would permit in the lieutenant's room.

King Lud might live to perform more lion-like actions than he had yet accomplished. He might be a full-blown admiral, with his sandy hair powdered with white, while he halted on one knee after the fashion of Horatius Cocles, from spent shot or baser rheumatism; but it was hardly likely that he would ever spend a happier afternoon than that which Lady Fermor and her party passed with him at Greenwich.

Everybody awarded a tribute of praise to the owner of the room in the Hospital College for his expert contrivances where space and convenience were concerned. Everybody turned over his books and admired the flowers — Kent dahlias and gladioli, fragrant jessamine and heliotrope, with which Ludovic had promptly provided himself to do honor to the occasion, and to dispose lavishly on every side, in order to embellish his plain bachelor's quarters and poor lieutenant's equipage.

Sir William Thwaite leaned his back against the chimneypiece, thinking honorably and humbly how nice and pretty it all looked, wondering how Acton could manage it, if he were naturally "a dab" at arranging his cabin, or if the inspiration came with the visit of his queen to his small lodging. He — Sir William — did not believe he could have done anything like it, to save his life, with all the will in

the world, and the accumulated materials at Whitehills. The only time the place had been *en fête* in his day, Sir John's widow was in command, and she had produced nothing so spontaneous and refreshing as this; but it was too late to take a lesson.

Lady Fermor had the seat of honor — the single easy-chair in which the lieutenant was wont to lounge, smoke, and read. The two girls lingered by the high window looking down on the water, with its never-ending charm.

The little sobering sense which was left in King Lud was all but ravished from him by Marianne's gracious offer to make tea, asserting brightly that it was just like doing it for "our boys at home," and summoning him, as if he had been her special boy, to stand at her elbow with the camp-kettle — in itself a pleasant curiosity to her.

The close and collapse of the gala — for all happy things come to an end here, and not a few of them, alas! collapse in the very process of enjoyment — was brought about by the intervention of Lady Fermor. Even she had been taken captive for the moment by the fresh, heroic, homely elements of the entertainment, to the extent of being subdued by them for a little while. But when the party were taking a final saunter down the Painted Hall, in which the shadows were gathering, so that the painted warriors were growing obscure on their stations, and only one flaming yellow and red picture, indicating a ship on fire, stood out from the dull darkness of the others, like a portent of evil, Richard was himself again.

Marianne Dugdale was walking as if in a dream, wonderfully silent for her, with her brown eyes a little downcast, beside Ludovic Acton, who, though he wore no uniform, seemed for the moment transformed, sandy hair, shyness, softness to women and all, into one of the heroes on the walls stepped out of the canvas, and reflecting glory on one proud girl.

Lady Fermor was stamping along by the aid of her stick on Marianne's other side. Suddenly she raised her harsh, highly pitched voice, and at the same time cast a meaning, satirical glance at her granddaughter. "I think I miss a picture which ought to have been here too — that of blubbering black-eyed Susan, following her truant 'sweet William' on board the fleet in the Downs."

Marianne started, wide-awake, flushing to the roots of her hair. "Oh! she was an odious creature," she said. "Thank

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

goodness, she is not here. Indeed, I think a sailor should have nothing to do with miserable, whimpering sweethearts and wives. His ship should be his mistress, as a priest should be wedded to his flock."

"My dear Marianne, I never knew you had adopted the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church," remonstrated Iris, laughing at her friend's vehemence, and feeling for King Lud, at once lifted from a pinnacle of exultation and dashed into the depths of despair.

His very rival commiserated him. "I thought blue jackets carried all before them when they went a-wooing," said Sir William, without any suspicion of cynicism.

"They are no better than red jackets, or any other jackets," answered Marianne, rather testily than with an implied compliment.

Very likely she had forgotten Sir William's former connection with the army, and in good truth he had no reason to recall it with pride; but the most sensible men are silly on some points, so he blushed a shade with gratification, though he maintained magnanimously, "You don't mean to say any woman could have resisted the French chap commemorated out yonder, or the boy whose statue we saw in marble, the great statesman's son, who spoke of his mother and his native town, and how happy they would be to welcome him home, when he lay a-dying through volunteering to carry succor to the forts in the rebellion? That was before my time; but I've some notion what it meant. Supposing either of them had lived to come back and lay his laurels at a woman's feet, do you suppose she would have spurned them?"

"The laurels have to be gathered first," said Marianne dryly; "and when I come to think of it, I am sick of what people call the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. What did all these battles and all these bloodthirsty commodores and rear-admirals come to? I mean what lasting good did they do, unless to their blustering, strutting selves? Who were really the better for them? I believe it would be easier to say who were a great deal the worse. What hearts they broke! How many widows and orphans they made! I think I shall go in for the Quakers and the bloodless victories of peace."

"But some men must fight that peace may be preserved, and the helpless defended from injury," remonstrated King Lud, recovering from the vicious snub

administered to him, with the attendant amazement and discomfiture. "A sailor's life is far from all fighting, especially in these days. Our squadrons lie along many a shore to check more powerful rascals than slave-dealers. We crush, in their infancy, aggressions and outrages to which the barbarities of the slave-trade are a trifle."

"A sort of water-police," said Marianne contemptuously.

"And sailors are still finding new lands and helping to civilize wild states," suggested Iris a little injudiciously.

"Not in my opinion," alleged Marianne, with her neat little nose in the air. "My conviction is, that frigates and gun-boats float about in disgraceful idleness, in order to keep up the taxes, which papa is always groaning over. Besides, we must maintain a navy which is no longer wanted, in order to provide genteel sinecures for the younger sons of gentlemen — fellows who cannot get along on shore. For my part I would rather herd sheep in Australia or hunt ostriches in Africa, or turn a vulgar, respectable shop-keeper at home."

The attack was so outrageous that it became laughable. The eclipse of the sun might nevertheless have come to one person through a girl's spirit of contradiction and craven susceptibility to ridicule.

But to the others the sun declined in its ordinary fashion as they skirted the shoulder of Blackheath with its girdle of villas. It was a mere sunset, but it was such a sunset as the neighborhood of London renders unrivalled in its kind. Iris was compelled to acknowledge that the misty flats of Eastwich, or of Holland itself for that matter, could do nothing to those marvellous shades of saffron and gold, faint coral, dusky sorrel, the dim lilac of the autumn crocus, and a grey steely blue. Was there something human in the pathetic glory of the skies above the great city of vast wealth and grinding poverty, foulest sin and fairest righteousness, many crimes and many sorrows, much nobleness, much holiness, and much innocent, grateful gladness? Did the groans and curses, tears and sighs, smiles and laughter, go up from tens of thousands of hearths to paint themselves in that solemn, subdued glow?

The Academy was not yet shut; and out of many visits one stood out in the remembrance of the little company that so often met together in these weeks. They had all been tolerably united in their criticism. They had agreed that English

landscape painting held its own as in the days of Gainsborough and Constable and old Crome; that the mantle of Sir David Wilkie still fell, here and there, on the painters of the ruggedness and the humor, the exquisite tenderness of peasant life with its homely affections. These were no more sordid and petty now, to the hands that could draw and the eyes that could read them, than they were nearly a century ago to the brave, gentle son of the Fife manse. Heroism quailed a little before the cynicism of the generation, but picturesqueness and passion made a vigorous stand against the learned affectation of burning incense to color and form, and rejecting all humanity as devoid of dignity and interest unless it came in the shape of pagan myths, sensuous and sensual, petrified in their passion, cold in their exaggerated repose, because the faith and heart of man have alike forsaken them.

One at least of the visitors was sorry, with a yearning regret and a shamed mortification, that the sacred art which once made Italy, Flanders, and Spain glorious — on which men spent their lives — into which they could then throw their hearts — was so feebly and scantily represented in Christian England. Iris was inclined to ask, will there come a Renaissance here also? and will the Christ on his cross, the Virgin Mother, and the noble army of martyrs replace once more Apollo and Venus with their votaries?

Most people will allow that it becomes in time weary work for eyes and brains to study even the flower of the year's pictures. But it is not so universal an axiom to the many, to learn that it is possible for bodily fatigue to end in crossness of temper even with the young and strong, the ardent and intelligent.

Will it be believed that Marianne Dugdale, after having entered with much enthusiasm on this as on other rounds, by the time she felt a falling to pieces of the backbone, a heaviness and ache of the brows, a slight swimming of the eyes, and giddiness of the brain, was about as much out of humor as could be said of an impatient-tempered girl who, if she were not arrested in time, would develop, without fail, into a hard as well as a true, a fiery no less than a warm-hearted vixen?

As it was, however, Marianne commenced to snap up her companions' harmless remarks and execute half-comical, childish growls at which no one ventured to laugh, to flout the others, to flounce about by herself.

Soothing was tried in vain, compro-

mises were disdainfully rejected, proposals to bring the day's visit — the final visit to the Academy, to a summary close scouted at, humble suggestions of an adjournment to the refreshment-room for a glass of claret and a slice of chicken, or a cup of tea and a stale bun treated as a positive insult. When it came to this pass, Marianne's adherents drew discreetly apart, freed her from their observation, and sought to occupy themselves with what remained of their morning's work. Only King Lud was too miserable to accomplish the assumption, or practise the restraint of indifference. He feared his mistress might be ill, for it was quite possible that Marianne would only display her bodily distress in this perplexing, mental fashion. He knew at least that she was unhappy for the moment, and he could not endure the thought of abandoning her to her unhappiness. He followed her at a respectful distance, patiently waiting for any sign of relenting and recovery, when he would gladly take upon himself the blame of having been stupid, tiresome, and positively cruel in inciting an unfortunate girl to do too much and exert herself till she was half dead.

Iris and Sir William were together at the farther end of the room. He was pausing and brightening at some Indian scenes, showing his companion where the cane brake or the mangrove swamp was trustworthy or at fault, explaining the native costumes and indicating the castes. He stopped at the occasional portraits of military officers as pointedly as if he were going to salute them, and became excited and exultant over the likeness of one who had been a chief in Sir William's campaign. It was clear that he bore no malice against the service, that the disgrace with which it had threatened him had faded away from his mind, from the time that he had confessed and acknowledged the justice of the sentence. It was the scar on his neck and breast, and the sword cut across his arm, which for a moment burnt again with the proud consciousness that he too had been a soldier, and had fought and bled for England and his colors.

Unexpectedly the couple came upon a picture hung low which they had not observed on their previous visits. It was not a striking picture in size and situation, or in more than a moderate degree of artistic merit. It was the subject which arrested the two gazers, paled their cheeks, dimmed their eyes, brought a quiver to their compressed lips. The

painter unknown to fame had represented a drowned woman, washed gently enough on a pebbly shore by the rippling waves of a sea no longer raging in the fury of a storm. The limbs, those of a fine, strong young woman, were disposed decently and peacefully, as if a friend's hand had laid them to rest; the face turned up to the summer sky was unmarred in its still serenity. The head lay cushioned as it were on the wealth of brown hair which had broken loose and streamed like so much seaweed back from the bare brow and blanched cheeks. So had Honor lain on the Welsh beach. The thoughts of both spectators flew back to the disaster. Then the attention of the pair became concentrated and fascinated by a likeness — a double likeness. It was not wonderful that with their minds full of a similar catastrophe and its victim, Sir William and Iris should see a resemblance to the late Lady Thwaite in everything, save in the rich, warm coloring which, to be sure, the cold sea and colder death had already stolen from her cheeks and lips before the husband was called upon to identify the body of his wife. But there was no reason why either of the two looking fixedly and silently at the picture, should simultaneously, as if by contact of thought, detect traits, the same as those with which they were familiar in a living face in that very room. Sir William and Iris had never before compared Honor Smith to Marianne Dugdale. Size, coloring, circumstances were all so different, that the comparison sounded absurd even now, yet there were the friends of both, marking it decidedly and unmistakably until the eyes which had been averted, looked into each other and claimed the wondering admission. "You see it also? Poor Honor and Miss Dugdale!" exclaimed Sir William, half under his breath; "I never once thought of it before."

"Nor I," responded Iris, as low as if she were exchanging secrets with him.

They did not say another word. She glanced at him and seemed to find a shadow of half-superstitious awe on his manly, ruddy face. Was he revolving the curious, undefined law, that what has been shall be again, on which gamblers base their calculations — the unexplained but acknowledged fact that, in the history of men as of nations, events often repeat themselves, against all reason, against all warning, in a mysterious, well-nigh gruesome, fashion? Was he judging rashly that it was vain for him to struggle against his fate? Did he seek to persuade him-

self that in this direction after all, might lie at once the atonement for his past errors, and the building up of a new and higher character?

When Iris and Sir William rejoined Marianne Dugdale, she had so far come to herself as to suffer the companionship of the faithful lieutenant, and was no longer treating him worse than dog or mouse before she could consent to dote on him forever. But the union was not indissoluble. Sir William Thwaite approached her with a forcible appeal and a pathetic reverence expressed in an eager concern for her welfare. "Are you tired out, Miss Dugdale? will you not allow me to find a seat for you? I will manage it, never fear, though I have to turn out by force that stout old gentleman, and that puppy-dog of a lad on the next sofa. I see you have your fan, let me fan you. I have a long, strong, steady arm; I could work a flail or a punkah without much effort. After you're a bit rested and refreshed, we'll drive straight home and do no more to-day."

Iris knew that Sir William was moved by the recollection of his dead wife, whom he was confounding in a manner with Marianne Dugdale. But Ludovic Acton had no such clue to the problem. He was compelled to believe that his passive rival had suddenly become active and dead in earnest; while he was at the same time — from the support of Lady Fermor, doubtless — so well assured of the success of his suit, that he was already appropriating the tone of an accepted, privileged lover. He was proceeding to take care of Marianne, to control, and even gently reprove her, in a manner which she would certainly not have stood from another person, however much his unbounded devotion might have entitled him to forbearance. But, alas, alas! Marianne was not offended or aggrieved in this instance; she smoothed down her ruffled plumes, and submitted with a good grace to be looked after and comforted. She glanced with shy, puzzled inquiry into Sir William's intent face. Her compunction for something like a child's naughtiness, her swift brightening up again were for Sir William and not for King Lud. She was a woman, therefore she was caught by novelty and mystery; she was a woman, so she was fickle as the inconstant wind. She looked ready to be wooed and won by the altered aspect of the suitor whom Lady Fermor had provided for her granddaughter, as King Lud had known all along to his sorrow and dread.

CHAPTER XXXV.  
ON THE BORDERS.

LONDON was fast becoming a high-class social desert, a hot wilderness to be abandoned to its tradespeople and its poor; even they were contemplating excursions to Margate, and tramps to the hop gardens.

Lady Fermor was about to carry out the second part of her programme, and to save herself from the danger of being left to the insipid society of two "bread-and-butter misses," she determined to journey by short stages as far as the neighborhood of the first Scotch moor with unlet shootings to which the young men in her train might be induced to accompany her. No doubt Ludovic Acton was in daily expectation of an appointment to a ship, and might have to leave at a moment's notice, but in the mean time he served as well as another. The old, despotic schemer, whose excess of worldly wisdom sometimes led her astray, was of opinion that the poor lieutenant with his frantic passion, at which she was able to jeer and laugh, served in some degree as a foil and stimulus to Sir William in what must prove his suit.

King Lud had not given up in despair. No man worthy of the name will easily do so, when the prize to be resigned is the centre of his fondest hopes and aspirations. He had fallen out and made it up again with Marianne Dugdale many times since the day at the Academy. He was still not without a lingering hope that the privilege of travelling with her might do something for his cause. At least it afforded desperately delightful opportunities for being at once the happiest and the most miserable fellow in the world, happy with a delirious satisfaction in the mere consciousness of being in her presence, of watching her and serving her — miserable in knowing how soon the close proximity to bliss would come to an end any way, and what a grievous probability existed that by indulging his inclinations and feasting his passion, he would only reap additional disappointment and wretchedness in the end: when the suspense was over, Marianne was Lady Thwaite presiding at Whitehills, and he a broken-hearted lieutenant far at sea.

In the beginning of the trip, King Lud's star was in the ascendant. Marianne was radiant and gracious in the enjoyment of all the pleasurable excitement and constant change of scene characteristic of an excursion such as she had never taken before. Since it was conducted to suit

the requirements of a woman of Lady Fermor's position and age, there was not the slightest strain on any young person's powers. Indeed Marianne used her Englishwoman's privilege of grumbling, simply because she had that most charming of all "*Adventures of a Phaeton*" running in her head, and was possessed by a ruelful persuasion that she too could have driven many a mile under sunshine and shower, and the merry moonlight; and if she had not been equal to playing on a guitar and singing appropriate songs under difficulties, she would at least have been quite fit for the gay scramble at bezique and the judicious balancing of two encroachers on her freedom at the end of the day. But even a journey in first-class railway carriages by short stages was not to be despised, when the destination of the travellers was the land of the mountain and the flood, of romance and canniness. The shortness of the stages and the breaking of the progress by a day's rest occasionally, to enable Lady Fermor to dine deliberately at her usual hour, to go to bed early and rise late, in order to recruit her forces, also permitted exploring strolls in every direction, and subordinate excursions in the interest of the younger members of the party. Thus the banks of the Severn were visited, the ancient streets of Chester perambulated, a raid made into north Wales, and merry Carlisle with its castle and cathedral learnt off by heart. The travellers were then not far from the Scotch borders; and the final halting-place, the heathery wells of Moffat, did not lie much beyond the Marches. But unluckily Lady Fermor caught cold, with a little cough, which teased her in the next stage of her journey, so that she adopted the resolution of stopping short and staying for a couple of nights at an old-fashioned inn in which she recollects having been fairly served many years before. It lay at the junction of the sister countries, and had originally stood on a great coach road a good deal frequented in its time. But since the establishment of railways and new routes, and the withdrawal of the coaches from the old tracks, nearly the whole of the traffic had departed from the place; still the old inn stood, and continued a house of lodging and entertainment for man and beast on a new foundation, its later energies having been directed to affording board and lodging to families seeking a summer retreat, and to furnishing a resort for the anglers who frequented the "becks" and "burns" in the vicinity.

Lady Fermor declared that her old plain, comfortable rooms, which were fortunately vacant, had not fallen off appreciably, and that she was satisfied she could have all she wanted, till a little rest enabled her to get rid of her cold.

It was a matter of congratulation to Iris and Marianne especially that they should make this halt in an out-of-the-way corner, and begin their acquaintance with Scotland by an entrance which might be made on foot, and was not much frequented to the destruction of all original traits and native simplicity and individuality.

As for the male animal, usually so impatient of delay and restive under what is a purely soothing and agreeable element to the female, the two young men were in that normal condition which occurs or ought to occur to a man only once in his life. They were at the beck and call of the women; the young fellows were meek and docile, ready to assent cheerfully to any arrangement, eager to display themselves in their best colors as they would never be again. For anything more, Sir William showed himself less drawn to Marianne when she was full of glee and enthusiasm, than when the shadow of a trouble, however groundless and self-made, hung over her. He left her to a considerable extent to enchant or plague King Lud, who was thus still hovering on the confines of gaining or losing the prize of his life, while Sir William nursed Lady Fermor, made his own observations, or walked about soberly with Miss Compton.

There was something of quaint dignity in the rural aspect of the inn. It was a steep-roofed stone house of considerable pretensions. The walls were rough-dashed and whitewashed, and further covered by honeysuckle in blossom, and the first "red red rose" of Scotland which the English visitors had seen. They were told the house was an old Border mansion-house, much more recent in date than the crumbling grey towers and towns they had recently seen in Cumberland, but still old enough to have been beheld by Prince Charlie, had he looked that way in his memorable marches to and from Carlisle. The house stood in a rough paddock shaded by a few gnarled old trees, and the whole lay in the shelter of the four sentinels — Skiddaw and Scafell rising to the south, with Criffell and the Lead Hills starting up to the north.

The party had private rooms, and so did not come in contact with possible

dukes and probable bagmen, chatty or frigid, kindly or selfish, old and young ladies." But Iris and Marianne made their own of a modest yet frank young chambermaid, the daughter of a neighboring Scotch ploughman. She had lived all her life in the vicinity, and could tell her eager questioners the local names and identify to their satisfaction the merest purple crown of every peak and the misty flash of all the "wan waters" far and near. She was more intelligent than the generality of her competitors in England — the three hundred years or so of parish schools in Scotland having had their effect on the brains of the population. She took evident pride in her birthplace and country, and proceeded, on a little solicitation, to pour forth all the old stories which had gathered round a famous locality. "It was a weel kenned part aince, mem. A hantle bonnie English leddies and wilfu' English lads sought it out; whiles there were Scotch leddies and gentlemen came in secret as far as the bounds o' Dumfriesshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, and rode cockin' awa' in braid day. But there was nae neecessity for the like o' them taking sic a tramp, they just did it to be neebour-like. What for did they come, young leddies, are you askin'? Losh! div you no ken this was ane o' the toons\* — my faither ay maintains it was the chief — where rin-awa' marriages were ca'd aff, the knot tied and the couple buckled so that neither faither nor mither nor law-lord, nor minister o' the kirk, nor the king hissel' could rieve man and wife asunder again."

"Oh! how nice! how funny!" cried Marianne, "that we should have come by chance to such an inn. Tell us about these runaway marriages, Jeannie. Did any happen in your time? Did you ever see one?" while Iris prepared to listen with interest and amusement.

"Weel, I cannot just say I have, mem," Jeannie was forced to admit, a little crest-fallen at having to fail "fine, lichtsome English young leddies" in such an important particular as would have been supplied by her having been an eyewitness to the deed, and so able to give personal evidence with regard to all that happened. "Leastways I have never seen sic grand turnouts as I have heard my faither and mither, and still mair, my grandmother, wha's living to this day with a' her wits aboot her, crack about to their cronies

\* The term "toon" is used freely in primitive Scotch for any better sort of house — farmhouse or mansion-house, as well as for a "burgh-toon."

mony a time. Sic marriages hae been going out o' fashion amang gentlefolks for mair than ae generation. But I hae seen a wheen ploughman billies, after a hiring-market, the warse o' drink for the maist part, and as mony tawpies o' field workers — bondagers, folk ca' them here — and servant lasses, gang afore auld Fernie who had learned the trade when it was flourishin', and still wasna unwillin' to win a shillin' or twa by trying the auld trick, though the ministers on ilka side, o' a' denominations, are wild now against it and fit to rug the head off anybody that does siccane work. And, mem, it wasna a' fun," continued Jeannie solemnly, for like a good, conscientious lass she was exercised in mind by the minister's condemnation, every time it recurred to her memory. "Fule lads and silly lasses have been carried aff their feet, and had to find them again an' rue their madness ower late. I hae seen a puir lad that wasna villain enough tae forsake even the licht lass that hadna been ill tae coort, and was his married wife from the moment they had joined hands, come up next morning, a' shaking, to the farm toon where I was lieving in service, to seek his wife an' hae to be telled whilk o' the glaikit lasses was she; and I mind a daft lassie, fit to greet her heart oot, because she had to gang her ways — for life, mind ye, mem, wi' a lad she neither kenned nor cared for, seein' that she had only drawn up wi' him the day afore, for naething save to vex her ain lad, whom she had quarrelled wi' nae further gane than the market mornin'."

"Ah! that was bad," said Marianne, disappointed in her turn. "I am afraid your ministers are right, and runaway marriages are not what they should be."

"Weel," said Jeannie, with her *amor patrice* and her Scotch logic resisting even her loyalty to her minister, "I'm thinkin' there's something to be said on baith sides. The bravest bridegroom I saw here was nae mair than a writer laddie, an' he run awa' wi' his auld maister's dochter — a lassie wi' siller. But her faither was dead and she was a saft snool, and had a lang-headed brither who wanted to keep the siller in the family — that was to him and his bairns, sae he was guardin' her day and night an' would hae hindered her frae being married ava, and they said the writer lad, whether he had the siller in his ee or no, was douce and decent, and would be guude enough till her — far better than her ain flesh an' blude. Noo wasna that a deliverance wrocht by a rinawa'

marriage?" demanded Jeannie triumphantly. "My granny minds o' a sair fracaw aboot a wicket yerl whom naething would serve but that his genty \* bit dochter should marry as auld an' grand an' wicket a sinner as hissel'. Her true love would na see the shamefu' sacrifice, sae he up and fled wi' the lass. He was a sailor or a sodger lad — ane o' the twa, I forget whilk, a bonnie, brave young man, and he brocht the lassie here. They had but to say twa words to be beyond the power o' ony faithers, to belong to ane anither as was ordained, so that she could follow the drum or sail the seas wi' him, and only death might part them."

"Come, this is better," cried Marianne with a bright color in her pale cheeks. "Tell us more about it, Jeannie. What excitement there must have been! Did the couple come dashing up to the door, their horses covered with foam, and the parents and guardians in hot pursuit?"

"Na, that wasna the way ilka day. Sic wild wark and desperate risks were not tried often, though I hae heard o' horses bein' shot dead frae the foremost carriage, and drivers bribed to lame the puir senseless beasts, or to tint the road and whumme ower their cargo in the middle o' a peat bog, that took ilka man, that tried to stand up, to the houghs in water-holes, wi' nae means o' gettin' on, except by shank's naigie. But whiles, as in the story I'm tellin', the faither was sae close that the lovers daured nae drive up to the front door lest they should be overtaken afore they were made one. They left their empty chaise in a dip o' the road mair than a mile awa', as gin there had been a breakdown. The driver galloped on his best horse — and they said it cast ilka shoe within the mile — to gie warning here, while the pair turned into a road — Cambus Road, and jinked by a foot-path to the auld Cambus doocot, that as a' the world kens is jist ower the Borders. There was in this parish a mass-John — that I suld be so far left to mysel' as to gie him sic a name, for he was a godly minister o' the gospel, in days to come. But he didna set his face against rinawa' marriages in his youth, leecensed and placed though he was. What suld hinder him frae hurrying out to meet and marry the lad and lass in the doocot, as gin they had been twa doos? They were yoked thegither as sure and fast as if they had been a leddy and gentleman surrounded by a proud and blythe wedding

\* From the French *gentille*.

company, in a fine house, and blessed by a man wha had maybe christened her and catecheesed him. The driver and the leddy's maid, wha had come wi' her mistress, served for witnesses. There was a wild set at Cambus Ha' at the time, but they were aye hearty and hospitable, and were guude to weddingeris, whom they wadna thwart, sin' some o' theirsel's had made rinawa' marriages, wi' sma' credit, if the truth were told. Ony way the Cambus Ha' family took in the fugitives and gave them quarter for the nicht. They cam' ower here the next day to face the yerl, wha cursed and blackguarded them; but kennin' he could do nae mair, though he lived to be a hunder, suffered them to tak' the highroad, while he took the laigh."

"I dare say he thought better of it, and was reconciled to his daughter in the end," said Iris demurely; "we are not so clever on our side of the Border as you are on yours, Jeannie."

"So I hae heard say, mem. But the feck o' the couples were mair crafty than to let it be touch and go like that; whiles they would come dressed up sae as their ain mithers could hardly hae kenned them, or they would travel here by opposite roads and at different times. The bride-groom by hissel' or wi' a frien' would ride by a coach, and the bride would come, sometimes her lee-lane — eh! but she maun hae had a stout heart and a hantle faith in her lad — it might be in the dead o' nicht, by anither."

"And how did they do it, Jeannie? out of church, without a regular clergyman always. Did they never forget their prayers-books and the rings?" pressed Marianne, with the keenest curiosity.

"Prayer-books!" cried Jeannie, her trim figure, in its dark stuff gown, white cap and apron, swelling at the very word. "We haena had a service-book sin' auld Jenny Geddes flung her stule at the head o' the minister for dauring to pray in the kirk aff printed paper. As for the ring, it is but the bridegroom's gittie to the bride; it can be given at ony time. Na, we're no married wi' rings."

"What are you married with then, in the name of wonder? Did you ever hear anything like it, Iris?" cried Marianne, as at an incredible but surpassingly ludicrous joke. "I dare say you don't vow to love, honor, and obey your husbands, when you take them for better, for worse?"

"Na," said Jeannie again with a canny sense of humor, "we say as little as we

can, baith lads and lasses. Ye ken that least said is sunest mended. But there are waur husbands and wives than some you'll find in Scotland, mem."

"I believe you," said Marianne. "I think you are a remarkable people, with charming institutions. If I ever marry, I'll come and do it in Scotland. But in order that I may know what I'm about, you must tell me what really takes place, what you can find to say, when it can be said, in so few words, either in a church or a house, or a 'doocot,' or wherever you may find yourselves."

"Weel," said Jeannie, slightly offended by the tone and the laughter, and defending herself with some dignity, "we dinna believe that the Lord's confined to temples made wi' hands. We think the earth is his and the fulness thereof, and that his een are open to what's doing ower the whole world where ilka place is his temple. When all is richt and in order for a Scotch waddin', our minister puts up a bit prayer out o' his head, and there's a sma' discourse, o' his own composition," Jeannie explained with emphasis, as if she set great store on the originality of the performance. "The discourse may last for ten or twenty minutes; then there's another prayer at the end. But the ceremony itsel' which does the business needna tak' three minutes."

"Then what on earth does it consist of? It sounds exceedingly like the waving of a magician's wand."

"Na, there's nae magic aboot it. It's just the speerin' and answerin' o' twa reasonable questions. The minister, or it might be anither man in a rinawa' marriage, asks the lad afore ane or twa witnesses, will he tak' this woman to be his lawfu' wedded wife, and he says yes, or he only boos if he's blate. Syne the minister speers at the lass if she'll tak' this man to be her lawfu' wedded husband, and she curtshies. Then the minister or the man askin' for him says, 'Join hands,' and the twa cleek their fingers thegither. Neist the minister or the man proclaims, 'What God has joined letna man put asunder,' and that's a', unless the signing o' the lines that certifies the fac'."

"Do you mean to say you marry as an anonymous man and woman? Do you not even say M or N?" inquired Marianne, still full of interest and diversion.

"What's your wull, mem?" Jeannie questioned in her turn, using an ancient phrase which signified that she had not the most distant idea what her interrogator meant.

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that is not my will, it is yours, to marry in this odd, mysterious fashion."

"I beg your pardon, mem, but there can be nae mystery — or mockery either, about honest folk," protested Jeannie indignantly. She felt strongly on such subjects as her nationality and her kirk, and had a settled conviction that she did well to be angry when they were attacked.

Iris interposed as a peacemaker. "We only wished to know if you used no Christian name, such as Jeannie or Donald, in your marriage service."

"Donald is a Hielant name," said Jeannie a little disdainfully. "We hae nae Donalds among our Lowland Scotch — ony way none here awa on the Borders. Na, we mention no names, at least we were na wont to bring them into the ceremony, though some new-fangled ministers say baith names, and would put it to me as Jean Maxwell, whether I would take Tam Riddel or Allan Elliot for my man."

Apparently Jeannie had not the guile to use assumed names for her illustration, since she colored violently, and added that she did not think the new fashion, "sae mannerly and modest" as the old. "But there's the mistress's ring o' the bell. She'll say I've been clamerin' instead of minding my wark, and deed she'll no be far wrang," cried Jeannie in self-condemnation, as she caught up her broom and dustpan and made a hasty retreat to the door, before Marianne could call after her, —

"Say we kept you for the enlarging of our ideas. It is quite true, and she may put it in the bill."

Marianne Dugdale was much struck and greatly enlivened by what she had heard of the runaway marriages, once of frequent occurrence in the house, and of the simplicity of the ceremony of marriage according to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. She ran the two subjects together, and mixed them up intrinsically in her mind, while she retailed the information she had got from the chambermaid, with great gratification, for the edification of the whole party. The topic was a promising one, full of sentimental interest, and yet fertile in jokes. Even the quietest and shyest person there, not to say the oldest, who was never behind with her joke, but as being a little of an invalid at present resigned herself to performing the part of a listener, could not resist expressing an opinion, and calling forth a laugh. But none was so full of the stories as Marianne Dugdale. Even after the girls had retired for the

night she kept reminding Iris, "what thrbbing temples and beating hearts must have sought refuge in these rooms. I wonder if no bride ever gave in at the last moment, fainted dead away, or said she would go back as she came, and try to be patient, and obey the law."

"A runaway marriage was not breaking the law — the law of the land, I mean, that went with the couple," said Iris. "I think, like sensible Jeannie, that in extreme cases the remedy was open to trial. I have no doubt that the law existed for these, and to prevent weak women being hardly dealt with. It strikes me that there was a certain manliness and honesty in the law, though, of course, it might be much abused."

"Of course," echoed Marianne, without having paid much attention to what her companion had said. "Don't you think it would be dreadful, horrible, to marry without love, Iris, even if the man were not a high-handed sinner, such as the girl described?"

Iris had never heard Marianne speak so seriously before, and even yet she was not sure that a jest might not lurk beneath the seriousness, till her cousin added in a tone of suppressed excitement, —

"I would not do it for all the world; I know it would be a terrible danger for me. It is another thing with you. I believe you would be good, and do your best under any circumstances. But I — Iris, did it never strike you that there was something of — granny in me?" Marianne broke off and asked in a low tone with a slight shudder, but looking Iris full in the face all the time, as if to surprise her answer.

"No, no, nothing at all," said Iris, startled and shocked, "except that it goes without saying we are both of her blood, and in some physical points, features, tones of voice, tricks of gesture, we may bear a resemblance to her, as doubtless we do to each other," added Iris, seeking to widen the chain of relationship to which she was referring.

"Ah! I know better," said Marianne, drawing a long breath. "I am hot-blooded, impulsive, headstrong, as she has been. I, too, could be brought to stand at bay, and to break through every obstacle in the path of my will. I know I am a weaker woman than she is, but sometimes I think it is not only because hers is the stronger nature, but because I am really like granny, that she can turn and twist and make a tool of me. I see

perfectly well what she is about all the time, how she is touching every sensitive spot in my composition, stirring me up and egging me on to be vain, heartless, and treacherous. But I cannot resist her—I defy myself to do it. It is the same as bringing fire to tinder. I kindle up in a blaze in a moment, and become a puppet to be played off according to her pleasure. It is easy to guess what you will say, that I can strive and watch, and pray to hold my own, but I am afraid I cannot. There is some sympathy between us. No, don't let us speak of it any longer, Iris, for even to allude to it in a whisper seems to make it a greater reality, and to render me more in her power."

This impatient and, as it seemed, cowardly turning of Marianne's back on a cause for apprehension, with the avoidance of all present reflection and future resolution on the point, was a new practice to Iris Compton. She had faced each foe that stood in her path, whether or not she had been worsted in the contest.

But there was no room at this date for rational remonstrance with Marianne Dugdale. The moment her humor changed, which it was apt to do in the twinkling of an eye, she would put her small hands over her shell-like ears and call out pettishly she was not be preached to, though she had just challenged and almost solicited the sermon. She would prefer to advance partially blindfold to threatened destruction, rather than endure the sharp pain, acute self-reproach, and mental trouble of opening her eyes, counting the cost, and making a determined stand and an abiding choice as to what was to be her conduct and fate. At the same time poor little square-shouldered Marianne was far less unstable by nature than from defective training and untoward circumstances.

From The Modern Review.  
MODERN QUAKERISM.

"WHAT is Quakerism?" asks the industrious bibliographer of Friends' literature, in the brief preface to his "Bibliotheca Anti-Quakeriana." He owns that it is a question which "seems to have puzzled many members of the Society of Friends of late years;" and while deciding for his own part with William Penn that it is "primitive Christianity revived," he makes the strong admission that con-

sidering the existing divisions among the successors of George Fox, touching matters of principle as well as of practice, this "old or primitive Christianity may be said to be scarcely known" in the house of its friends. This is the judgment of one who, from the exceptional fulness of his acquaintance with the writings of Friends ancient and modern, is perhaps better qualified than any other man living to form a well-instructed estimate of the amount and the drift of the various changes which have taken place in Quaker opinion, since the rise of the denomination amid the ferment of religious life in the golden days of England's Commonwealth.

Joseph Smith does not step out of the neutral place of the accurate and diligent collector of materials. He leaves his exhaustive catalogue of Quaker books, tracts and broadsheets to speak for itself; only expressing a hope, in the prelude to his accumulation of the multifarious bibliography of writings opposed to Quakerism in its successive developments, that his labors "may prove one means of opening the eyes of some." But there have been others, with eyes at length opened, who have felt the burden of the task of recalling Friends to their ancient landmarks, and have conscientiously endeavored, though with humble means and on an obscure scale, to present in their own persons a spectacle of primitive Quakerism revived.

Few, perhaps, are aware of the existence in this country of a small but earnest body, which for the last fifteen years has assembled half yearly as a General Meeting of Friends, in complete independence of the London Yearly Meeting. Such as it is, it was gathered mainly by the quiet exertions of a remarkable man, who from the year 1860 was the subject of an increasing "exercise," to use Friends' phraseology, leading him to correspond with like-minded Friends, with a view to bringing them together in regular conference, on what he conceived to be the original lines of Friends' testimony. Of his decease no tidings reached the outside public, dependent for its religious intelligence upon the newspapers. Nor has his life and work found any chronicle as yet, except in the modest "testimony" of his immediate coadjutors. There is a hope that from his correspondence and his spiritual writings a fuller portrait of his mind may at some time be given to the world by his widow. But meanwhile, to those who study with reverence the com-

plex manifestations of the religious life of our time, it may be of some interest to make the acquaintance of this conscientious Friend, and to learn something of the meaning of the movement of which he was the originator and the centre.

John Grant Sargent (1813-1883) was a birthright member of the Society of Friends, his parents being Isaac and Hester Sargent. He was born at Paddington, and apprenticed to a draper at Leighton Buzzard; but his early business life was spent in Paris, where he worked under his father, a carriage-builder, and the owner of a brick-field. Isaac Sargent sat somewhat loosely to Quakerism, and it is not surprising that his son, as a youth in Paris, soon dropped the associations and left off the distinguishing practices of Friends. But the influences of his Quaker bringing-up were only in abeyance. While yet at Paris he was drawn within the power of Friends' principles by a stronger claim than that of a mere birthright membership. He shared the same experience of the light within, which shook the soldiers and shoemakers of the old Commonwealth time, and made them, as Gervase Bennet said, "Quakers;" quivering beneath the influence divine, though never shaking before the face of man. He became "convinced" of the truth as held by Friends; and his conviction made the Friends' livery of dress and speech no antiquated and meaningless usage to him, but a badge of honor and conscience. Again he sat in the silent waiting upon the Spirit, which is at once the opportunity and the life of the faithful worship of Friends. No matter that oftentimes there was no one to join him. They who truly wait upon the Spirit are ready, if need be, to wait alone. It is a beautiful glimpse of calm, resolved sincerity, this picture which we have of the London lad, true to the quickenings of his conscience in a strange land, and, unattended by a sympathizing associate, holding amid the great world of Paris a reverent and joyful communion with the Source of life and light, unseen, but only felt.

Returning to England about 1844, he was for some time a farmer in Essex and Surrey, and subsequently the proprietor of a wood-turning mill in Derbyshire. This led him to travel a good deal, for the purpose of disposing of his bobbins. Moving about on business errands, his spirit gradually burned with the desire to be of service in the gospel ministry, and he became a preacher among Friends.

It is a common, and, considering the quietude which for so long a period cast a chill over the mission aspects of Quakerism, it is perhaps an accountable misconception to suppose that the Society of Friends is a Church without regular and recognized ministers. But no error can be more fundamental than that which, while aware of the absence of an order of priests or preachers trained for the performance of professional functions at stated intervals, ignores the presence of a distinct class of heralds of the gospel, who obey a call not of men nor by man. The number and the activity of such ministers is regulated not by the economic laws of supply and demand. They are in vigor and in plenty when the supreme Speaker, who deputes them, needs and employs a human voice; their diminished band, and the infrequency of their ministrations, are signs that God wills silence rather than speech. Among such ministers Sargent at length found his place. From about the year 1851 he exercised his gift in meetings. And it is characteristic of his absolute reliance on the inward witness, that he neither sought nor obtained any official recognition of his claims as a preacher among Friends. There are indeed two classes of Friends' speakers. When a speaker's word finds acceptance, he is by tacit consent permitted to use all opportunities of declaring it which arise; were he unacceptable, he would be "stopped." A further step is taken when a speaker is officially placed upon the list of recognized ministers. In this case he has his certificate, to be read in the meetings which he visits on a missionary journey, and the expenses of such journey are defrayed by the meeting which authorizes it. Not even from the distinct society which he was instrumental in forming did Sargent take with him on his travels any official credentials. He was a minister of the Spirit, pure and simple.

As with the Friends' ministers from their earliest days, the mission laid upon him was international in its range. Twice did he specially visit America (the last occasion being in 1882); several times, when his business journeys took him to the Continent, he found occasion for spiritual labors under the burden of his call; to Ireland he paid a missionary visit, speaking in Friends' meetings. But during the last five-and-twenty years of his life his main work was internal to the quiet circles in which his own views of Friends' principles prevailed. For while working to extend the influence of those

truths, to maintain which Friends are bound together, he found reason to believe that another work was equally if not more necessary, namely, to recover among Friends themselves the purity of their original testimony. His object was to unite such Friends as thought and felt with him in a closer bond of sympathy, and to furnish a common expression for their convictions.

In April, 1860, he addressed a circular letter from Cockermouth to several like-minded Friends, inviting them to meet in conference. There was no immediate result, but on October 17, 1862, the first conference took place in London, and was attended by seventeen persons. For seven years similar conferences were held about every four months in different places up and down the country, the attendance averaging some twenty-five persons. In 1868 Sargent with two others went to America, to visit the little groups of Friends, known as the Smaller Bodies, which had already made a decisive stand for primitive Quakerism as they understood it. On the voyage home, these three Friends were strongly impressed with the duty of separating themselves in like manner from the tendencies of the London Yearly Meeting. The last conference was held on October 10, 1869; and in January, 1870, its place was taken by a general meeting for Friends in England, initiated at Fritchley in Derbyshire, where Sargent and some of his associates resided and kept up regular meetings for worship. This General Meeting has since been held twice a year, usually at Fritchley or Belper, and has maintained an official correspondence with kindred bodies in America. Sargent was the clerk of the meeting, and remained its leading spirit until his death on December 27, 1883.

The *British Friend* for July, 1884, contains a report of the last May Meeting at Fritchley, communicated by a member of the Larger Body. He describes the small meeting-house as well filled, and bear testimony to the excellence of the spirit which prevailed. "Neither in meeting nor out of it, did I hear one word approaching a want of Christian love towards those from whose views they differ." The membership of this independent organization is not exclusively composed of seceders from the Larger Body; it comprises also some who have joined themselves to it on becoming Friends from "convicement," a proof of the vitality of this little flock.

But now comes the consideration of the

grounds of the secession, and the question how far the seceders are justified in their contention that modern Quakerism, as exemplified in the spirit and practices of the London Yearly Meeting and bodies in correspondence with it, has forfeited the true character of the original Society of Friends. Some of those who are in sympathy with the seceders hold very strong views on this last point. On 20th May, 1871, Thomas Drewry, of Fleetwood, a member of Preston Monthly Meeting, addressed a written protest to the London Yearly Meeting and to the Charity Commission, in which he maintains that "what is called the Society of Friends" has undergone fundamental changes in faith and doctrine, and is now properly speaking "a body of Separatists," and has consequently no right to retain "Trust Property, which belongs not to it, but belongs to those who adhere to the original faith of the Society of Friends, for whose sole use and benefit the several Trusts were created, by their predecessors in religious profession."\* The London Yearly Meeting took no notice of this protest; and the charity commissioners probably regarded it as *brutum fulmen*, for, though strongly worded, it specifies none of the innovations of which in general terms it complains. Yet to those acquainted with Quaker usages it is a very significant document. The Friends when they express dissent from a position advanced in their meetings, as not being in accordance with Friends' principles, do not argue, do not give their reasons. They simply state how it affects their own feeling. They say: "I do not feel comfortable about this; I do not feel easy in my mind under it." A condition of things which produces so decided a discomfort and uneasiness in the mind of any recognized member as is indicated by Thomas Drewry's protest, is a serious matter among Friends. Their constitution knows nothing of the rule of majorities; they never take a vote; the harmony of sentiment is everything with them; if a member feels and says "You are out of accord with your true principles," and if he is not at once lopped off as a false accuser, the rise of the feeling which he expresses is of itself, from the Quaker standpoint, sufficiently condemnatory of the existing position of the body.

We cite Drewry's protest because it is an English document, but it will be ob-

\* See this protest in W. Hodgson's *The Society of Friends in the Nineteenth Century*, 1876, vol. ii., pp. 394-7.

served that we quote it from an American source,\* and to America we must look for the most numerous and the clearest expressions of revolt from the modern drift of the Quaker body.† John Wilbur's "Journal" (1859) is a storehouse of valuable testimony on the subject; and the two remarkable volumes of recent denominational history published in 1875 and 1876 by William Hodgson, of Philadelphia, lay the whole case very fairly before the impartial reader. These publications have been ignored by the official representatives of the Society of Friends in this country; yet they constitute a startling indictment of the modes of thought which now find shelter beneath the retrimmed mantle of Quakerism. In England we have Daniel Pickard's "Exposition" (1864), and a not inconsiderable number of tracts and pamphlets, uttering warning notes in a similar spirit; but the main body goes on its way unheeding them.

This apathy under remonstrance, this quiet determination neither to cope with the damaging criticisms directed against them nor to retrace their course, which is characteristic of the existing leaders of Quaker opinion, is one of the great difficulties in the way of those who are anxious to fulfil their part in reasserting the ancient principles of the body. They may say what they like; it excites no controversy, and produces no movement. Quakerism has hung up its broad brim and turned down its collar, the writings of its founders lie dusty on its shelves, it speaks a new language and adopts unwonted ways, and to the call of the old prophetic voices, which charmed its younger ears and roused its fresher heart, it is mute.

Another serious difficulty experienced by Friends of the old stamp is that the very things which they feel it their duty to oppose and denounce, as fatal to the real spirit of Quakerism, are contributing to a certain accession of outside interest and favor extended to the denomination by other bodies of Christians. No doubt the people called Evangelicals hail with increasing satisfaction the new departures of the people called Quakers. They regard them as moving in the right direction, and gladly hold out a fraternizing hand, which those who have so long

meekly dwelt in the cold shade of popular neglect are gratified to accept. Yet one would think it must be apparent to all but the blind, that not as Quakers is their co-operation welcomed by the outside sects; but they are acknowledged as brethren on the precise ground that what is essentially distinctive of Quakerism they have practically abandoned. Their inconsistency is praiseworthy in the eyes of the successors of their ancient opponents; and just because they are inconstant to the teachings of their founders, they are admitted to fellowship. In the height of the Beacon controversy, that shrewd and strong Evangelical thinker, Dr. Wardlaw, addressed to Friends some remarkable congratulations on an evident revolution in their sentiments. "I have given," he says, "in copious extracts, the views of J. J. Gurney on the doctrine of justification. They are clear, simple, and Scriptural. But — are they Quakerism?" He details, with the skill of a practised theologian, the discrepancies on this head between Gurney and Barclay; and he adds, "And, indeed, on this and on various other points, it cannot fail to strike the most superficial reader, what a perfect contrast there is between the writings of Mr. Gurney and those of the early Friends."\*

A third and perhaps the most formidable difficulty with which those jealous for the ancient principles of Friends have to contend is the unquestionable fact that the introduction of the new régime has been followed by symptoms of denominational prosperity and success. The chronic leakage from Friends' families to the membership of other bodies has been appreciably checked. While not increasing, or even holding its ground relatively to the population, the Society of Friends has been able to stem the process of further decline. Much new activity prevails within its borders. Though not activity of a kind which approves itself to those who prize the spirit of the ancient testimony, it is evidence which cannot be gainsaid of reviving zeal, stirring life, and earnest religious occupation. Lovers of the Society's foundation truths shake their heads, and think and say that it is all wrong, that it is going on a false tack, that it is encouraging the tacit substitution of the world's religion for the Spirit's teaching. Nevertheless, the experiment produces what the experimenters are sat-

\* It was published as an advertisement in the *British Friend* (a Glasgow monthly) for September, 1871.

† See *Modern Quakerism Examined, and Contrasted with that of the Ancient Type*, 1876, by Walter Edger-ton, of Indianapolis.

\* Friendly Letters to the Society of Friends, on some of their distinguishing principles. By Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., 1836, p. 367, etc.

isfying results, and so the change goes on.

Of this change, by his industrious writings and his great personal influence, Joseph John Gurney (1788-1847) was the prime mover. With the exhibition of Gurneyism, in its principles and results, Wilbur's "Journal" and Hodgson's history are largely occupied. The names of J. J. Gurney and Elias Hicks are the danger signals on either hand of the true Friends' course. Both are rationalists, in the sense in which Robert Barclay speaks of the "pretended rational" Socinians of his day; and their followers divide between them the characteristics which he condemns. One set, the Gurney party, are "all for literal Scriptures;" the other, the Hicksian schismatics, are for "natural light." Describing them equally as "fundamental departures from Quakerism," Hodgson is, if anything, somewhat more lenient in his handling of Hicksism than of Gurneyism, though he has not an atom of sympathy with the doctrinal point of view of either. Nor is this unnatural. An outsider, especially one who had not reached a clear apprehension of the difference between the light of Christ within, and the innate light of nature and conscience, would be inclined to say that Gurneyism is false to the Quaker method, while Hicksism employs it to the production of results foreign to Quaker habits of thought; Gurneyism is wrong root and branch, Hicksism grafts wild olives on the original stem.

We have nothing to do here with Hicksism. It has never been a power in this country. The Barnard schism, which weakened the Society in Ireland at the beginning of this century, is chiefly remarkable for having been the occasion which gave the Rathbones of Liverpool to the Unitarian body. It left no independent witness, and when Hannah Barnard died, in 1828, she had already survived the memory of the intended separation. Other movements of similar character in more recent years have possessed no inherent vitality, and have rapidly withered away.\* But Gurneyism is in full swing; modern Quakerism is Gurneyism.

The fundamental postulate of pure original Quakerism is the supremacy of the Spirit, speaking within, as the only infalli-

ble source of doctrines of faith and rules of practice. Take away that, directly or indirectly, and you dig up Quakerism by the roots. In the "Theses" of his famous "Apologia," the Scottish laird, Robert Barclay, as is well known, formulated the teaching of Fox in such a way as expressly to confront the positions of the authoritative document of Scottish religion, the Westminster Confession of Faith. The Confession states (i. 10) that "the supreme Judge by which all controversies of religion are to be determined, and all decrees of councils, opinions of ancient writers, doctrines of men, and private spirits, are to be examined, and in whose sentence we are to rest, can be no other than the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scripture." "Nay," says Barclay — echoing in his scholastic style the study of uncouth utterances of the midland seer — "other there can be, other there is." The Voice that speaks mediately in Scripture speaks immediately in the soul of man. The Scriptures of truth "are only a declaration of the fountain, and not the fountain itself, therefore they are not to be esteemed the principal ground of all truth and knowledge, nor yet the adequate primary rule of faith and manners." "They are and may be esteemed a secondary rule, subordinate to the Spirit." "By the inward testimony of the Spirit we do alone truly know them." "The Spirit is the first and principal leader."\*

It is customary with modern Quakers to decry Barclay, partly on the ground of the scholastic form in which he cast his propositions and his elaborate logical deductions from them. True it is that he captivates the mind rather than entrances the heart; we do not always experience in his pages the same rare sense of spiritual refreshment, as from the gushing streams of a living fountain, which constitutes the abiding charm of Fox's "Letters" or the tracts of Nayler and Deusberry. But in the statement of the fundamental thing in Quakerism he does but put into transparent and solid sentences, crystal clear, the unalloyed substance of the daily teaching of his great predecessors and coadjutors. Rejecting Barclay, Friends must necessarily reject along with him those in whose spirit he speaks; and this they do. With the exception of Fox, whose name is surrounded with a sentimental reverence which few Quakers are hardy enough to disturb,†

\* The best account and defence of Hicksism (and cognate movements up to 1828), from the pen of one of its more Evangelical representatives, is to be found in Samuel M. Janney's History of the Religious Society of Friends, from its Rise to the year 1828, 4 vols., 1859-67.

† Barclay's Apology; Theses Theol. prop. 2.

† Yet see "George Fox, his Character, Doctrine, and Work;" an Essay by a member of the Society of

there is not one of the founders of the Society whose most express statements are not repudiated by the present members.

It is not a case of development, but of laying a new foundation; perhaps it would be better to say it is a desertion of the Quaker foundation for that of the so-called Evangelical sects. The doctrine of the Spirit, in vogue with the majority of Friends at the present day, reaches no higher than the level attained, as we have seen, in the Westminster Confession. The independent testimony of the Spirit, as supreme Judge of the meaning of Scripture and first-hand Expositor of the mind of God, is becoming, or has become, an extinct factor in Quaker theology. Those who were once pre-eminent for their allegiance to the direct word of the Spirit have succumbed to a bibliolatry, all the more helpless as it is tempered by no internal school of biblical criticism. It is the ancient Quaker doctrine of inspiration, that the spiritual writings of their own founders proceed from the same fountain as the teachings of Holy Writ, and are inspired in the same way; but that for the true understanding and profitable reading of either, the Spirit, the only lawful judge and interpreter, is necessary. The modern doctrine has lost the width of the one position, and missed the depth of the other, and is indistinguishable from crude servility to the letter that killeth. When the London Yearly Meeting put forward in its general epistle of 1836 the statements that the sacred Scripture is "the only divinely authorized record of the doctrines of true religion," "the appointed means of making known to us the blessed truths of Christianity," "the only divinely authorized record of the doctrines which we are bound as Christians to believe, and of the moral principles which are to regulate our actions," the *raison d'être* of the Society was gone. William Southall, of Leominster, was warranted in declaring that this language "went to the subversion of the very foundation of Quakerism."<sup>\*</sup> For, as Hodgson truly says, the principle always promulgated in the writings of early Friends is "that 'the appointed means' for the soul of man to

obtain a saving knowledge of God, is a being taught in the school of Christ, through obedience to the 'inspeaking Word,' and faith in the revelations of his Holy Spirit immediately in the heart."

From this shifting of the base, every other doctrinal change has proceeded. Wardlaw, with a true instinct, seizes upon the altered aspect of the doctrine of justification, as affording the most conspicuous proof that what is now held and taught among Quakers is not Quakerism; and Wilbur, in three brief sentences which put Gurneyism into a nutshell, concentrates his opposition upon this particular point.\* The true friend is saved by the work of Christ within, with which he must co-operate in the persistent self-abnegation of faith and obedience. But the modern Quaker, like the ordinary Evangelical, throws himself upon the work of Christ without, to which he attaches himself by the act of credence, and which justifies him *simpliciter*, without respect to obedience. Here we have the atonement by a work done for us, in place of the atonement of a work wrought in us. "Instead of submitting, therefore, to die with Christ, and to abide the painful struggle of yielding up the will and wisdom of the flesh, these," says John Wilbur, "have moulded and fashioned to themselves a substitute, by professedly extolling and claiming the faith of Christ's incarnate sufferings and propitiatory sacrifice upon the cross without the gates of Jerusalem, as the *whole* covenant of salvation, and by him thus accomplished without them."†

Hence, on the one hand, there is little trace in modern Quakerism of the broad doctrine of the Light of the World, of Christ as the spiritual illuminator who visits every soul in every age, in every clime, in every religion and non-religion, and abides with those who will receive him and obey him, quite independently of the intervention of historical knowledge, or of a written word of truth. To the spiritual grandeur and the redeeming efficacy of this old conception the modern Quaker is strangely dull. He cannot trust himself to teach his ancient principles in the full sweep of their original power.

And, on the other hand, the high doctrine of Christian perfection, on which Barclay is so nobly strong, is faintly heard if at all, scarce believed in, never preached with the unction and vigor of vital experi-

Friends [Edward Ash, M.D.], 1873. In this able pamphlet George Fox's doctrine of the Inward Light in all men is explicitly denied; and it is maintained that there has been no such thing as immediate revelation since the days of the Apostles. The reply by George Pitt, "Immediate Revelation True, and George Fox not Mistaken," 1873, is a fine piece of genuine Quaker theology.

\* Hodgson, i. 305-7.

Wilbur's Journal, p. 286.

† Wilbur's Journal, p. 273.

ence, among present-day Friends. Mr. Stopford Brooke's powerful plea for the possibility of sinlessness as a practical aim of living men,\* which recently startled the decorous believers in "one God and twenty shillings to the pound," takes a position which would flutter if not horrify the elect of modern Quakerism. They betray no sign of yielding an inward response to the doctrine, at once humble and bold, of Barclay's eighth proposition, in the exposition of which he maintains that "there may be a state attainable in this life, in which to do righteousness may become so natural to regenerate souls, that in the stability of it they cannot sin. . . . Or is Christ unwilling to have his servants thoroughly pure?" To have reached this stage, Barclay makes no personal pretension, but the presence of its ideal is a perpetual inspiration to him. And when even the hope of it has vanished, the glory of the Christian consummation is undreamed of. Among the successors of Fox and Barclay, salvation is reduced to a minimum, and not only the Quaker breadth but the Quaker height is shrunk away.

Altered views lead to altered methods. And the adoption of the new methods has produced what is called a revival. But it is not a resurrection of the original Quakerism, either in form or in spirit. The revival is the astonishing spectacle of the introduction of nearly everything which the first leaders of Quakerism distrusted, rejected, denounced, and abhorred. Set sermons, constructed prayers, religious services prearranged as to time, mode, and circumstance, hymns sung to order, Scriptures read by measure, a limping congregationalism intruding on the trustful rest which waited patiently for the Spirit, a deliberate effort of missionary endeavor doing duty for the rush of the old freedom when the power of the truth came upon all — this is the new picture, this is what Quaker periodicals put on record, sometimes with misgiving, often with satisfaction. Let it be granted that these are all very excellent things in their own way. This, however, is not the way in which we expect to see the people called Friends walking. It is not the way of their birth, their strength, or their testimony. It may be thought a better way; but the plain English of this is, that the quondam Quakers have hit upon something which they conceive to be better than Quakerism.

\* What Think ye of Christ? Unitarian Association Sermon, 1884.

This, at any rate, is the opinion of some among their own members. The innovations do not go on without wavering voices. Among the most remarkable for their outspokenness, and their thorough saturation with the old, uncompromising spirit of the Quaker protest, are the incandescent tracts of W. B. S. [Sisson] of Plumstead. He does not directly attack the Society or its members, but there is no mistaking who are intended to come in for a share of the denunciations heaped upon so-called revivalists in general, on those who "preach on heavenly things from a natural ground only," on "blind guides and lying, chattering prophets, with your horn-blowers of the press," on "the fleshly arts of continual singing, mumbling, and 'praying,' to make up for this absence of the *manifest* presence of the blessed and glorious God." We have quoted only some of his mildest words; the direction in which they point is evident. What is to be said on the other side?

The inheritor of a great name, himself a man of rare conscientiousness and self-devotion, who consecrated his studies to a radical investigation of the sources of the Quaker movement,\* and gave his soul to Gospel labors, Robert Barclay, of Reigate (1833-1876), has left behind him a volume of sermons, written for delivery in the mission meetings of Friends.† His biographer explains his position as that of one holding with Friends, "that God does enable his ministers effectually to preach His Gospel without any previous meditation or preparation," and also as holding "with the majority of Christians, that God does *equally bless* the word preached when this blessing has been asked on the diligent study of the Scriptures" (p. viii).‡ This is, in effect, to place the ministry of the Spirit on precisely the same level as the ministry of the letter; and, whatever else may be said about it, the position is incompatible with the first principles of early Friends. Barclay's sermons were doubtless very effective in delivery, and they are markedly superior to many utter-

\* The historical acumen, combined with elaborate research, displayed in Barclay's "Inner Life," etc., must excite the admiration of every competent reader. But how little it is accepted by Friends of the primitive type as justly appreciating the significance of the Quaker movement, may be seen in an able examen of the work, published, in 1878, by Charles Evans, M.D., of Philadelphia.

† "Sermons" by Robert Barclay, author of the "Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth," with a brief memoir. Edited by his widow, 1878.

‡ The italics are ours.

ances of the same school, in the stress they lay on the progressive nature of sanctification. But, after reading them carefully, we have failed to find in them a single Quaker sentiment, distinctively such; and have encountered ample proofs that the changed spiritual atmosphere is one in which the original Quakers could have scarcely breathed.

To Barclay of Ury, Plato, Pythagoras, and Plotinus "had a knowledge and discovery of Jesus Christ inwardly, as a remedy *in* them,"\* while Barclay of Regate can only speak of "invisible rays of light, for a moment perchance rendered invisible to the intense moral darkness in which a Socrates or a Plato lived and died."† If there is any truth which shines clear in the apologist's pages, it is that of the identity of the guidance under which all true Christians act with that which constituted the inspiration of the Apostles; and that such as have to-day the call to the gospel ministry, "preach not in speech only, but also in power and in the Holy Ghost," and "cannot but be received and heard by the sheep of Christ."‡ Yet his namesake affirms that "this 'demonstration of the spirit and of power' was vouchsafed or given to the early Church, not only as at the present day in the general preaching of the Gospel, but in a way wholly diverse—in a way which enabled the Apostle to say—what none of the most gifted preachers of the Gospel since apostolic times has ever dared to say, 'If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord.'"§ To George Fox, such an expression of his conviction that he was but a mouth-piece of the Spirit which filled and swayed him would have been as natural as it was to the apostle Paul.||

Like Mr. Gurney, Mr. Barclay may be fairly regarded as representing more than individual views and aims. Comparing the position of the one with that of the other, there is a difference to be observed. A perceptible advance is in progress. Mr. Gurney succeeded in altering the religious standpoint. In him, the theory of birthright membership bore its natural

fruits, when uncorrected by the sedulous inculcation of Friends' primitive principles. But now the object is to give a deliberate wrench to the outer life of the body, so as to make its type of activity correspond with its remodelled ideas.

Mr. Barclay's position within the Quaker fold was perfectly sincere and consistent with itself. He regarded the Society of Friends (with Mr. Herbert Skeats) as a home mission association; Fox he valued as a great religious organizer; and the Quaker testimonies to which his heart responded most clearly were those against oaths, war, and entrusting the work of evangelization to a State establishment. It was his hope and belief, says his biographer, "that by a fuller development of their principles, the Society of Friends might regain its position as an aggressive Christian Church" (p. 39). Yet it is evident that the tendency of his efforts was in the direction of leading the denomination of the waiters upon the Spirit to follow in the wake of the Dissenting Churches, whose success in laying hold of the masses had very strongly impressed his mind. This programme sketches a future for the Quakers, but is it not a future which is to be realized by the obliteration of the essential Quaker testimony? Wars, oaths, and establishments are testified against by other sects in these days; but on general humanitarian grounds, whose force is derived ultimately, no doubt, from the progress of Christian sentiment. If the Quaker is driven to combat evils with these common weapons, and can no longer plead the immediate voice of the living Christ in the heart, what differentiates him from the religious public about him; and where is the inward note of his spiritual succession from his forebears of the commonwealth?

It may be thought that in this article we are dealing with a matter of no public interest, and touching upon affairs with which we have no just concern. But the Quakers have a history which is of moment to the world. They have done great things in their day for us all. They have been a power in the development of the English people, both here and in the United States. Their power sprang from their principles; we cannot hope that when these have faded the influence should remain. Their fathers lived not by ephemeral methods, nor for imitative and passing results. They knew where strength lay, and were content to be passive when the way of the Spirit was not opened for them.

\* Apology, props. 5, 6, sec. 27.

† Sermons, p. 227.

‡ Apology, prop. 10, sec. 24.

Sermons, p. 368.

|| See what George Pitt says (Immediate Revelation True, p. 19): "George Fox's silver trumpet spoke with no uncertain sound. He boldly said, 'I deliver messages direct from God.' 'God has come to teach his people himself.'

Few in numbers, resolved of heart, those have the real future of Friends' principles in their keeping, who will have nothing to do with modern Quakerism. John Barclay revealed the secret of their confidence when he wrote: "Yet the blessed truth shall outlive it all, and emerge out of the very ruins, if it must come to that."

ALX. GORDON.

From The Sunday Magazine.  
AT ANY COST.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," "THE CRUST AND THE CAKE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### THE END OF A QUIET LIFE.

ROBERT SINCLAIR's report of his home news had been perfectly correct. His mother, in writing to him, had touched but lightly on his father's indisposition — had even spoken of it, as it seemed to him, rather in the past than in the present tense. And what he had said was also quite true, that she was more prone to exaggerate than to slight any evil or danger which seemed to approach those she loved. But it did not seem to occur to him that, in the forecast of such a spirit as hers, any word of the father's suffering reaching the son while he was among strangers, and while he must performe remain far from his home, would seem to mean for him such unutterable anxiety and agony that she would be almost morbidly scrupulous in her manner of conveying it. She had been through all that anguish herself, banished in her island exile, while her home ties dropped away. And others had not been so careful and tender over her feelings. She had been repeatedly made to suffer as much over false alarms and doubtful hints, as she did at last over the reality of death. And her one thought was always how to spare others what she herself had suffered.

There were, too, at first some grounds for Robert's idea, that the worst, whether it had been little or much, was already over. But the surprise and shock of Mr. Sinclair's sudden attack of illness had really only given way to the knowledge that such attacks must be expected in the future, and that the one poor chance of his ever regaining enough health to continue his duties in Quodda school lay in the successful result of a difficult and delicate surgical operation, which could

scarcely be done with any hope of benefit, except under the special skill and adapted surroundings of a capital city, involving, therefore, all the expense and delay of a sea journey.

There were anxious days and nights in Quodda schoolhouse. The schoolmaster himself tried to make light of his own suffering and danger; but even he could not make light of the possibility of his death leaving his wife and Olive alone in the world — "such a cold world," the poor wife had sobbed once — just once — and then had secretly taken herself severely to task for not being able to put a cheerful face on whatever prospect might lie before them, and so to help to reconcile him to leaving them, if he had to die. "I always did pray to be taken first," she said once to Olive. "But it was not altogether that I did not see it was almost as hard to have to go away safely one's self, and not to know what is to happen to those we love, as it is to be left — harder sometimes, perhaps. Only I felt as if I was such a weak creature I could not bear to be left — while your father has such a strong, bright faith that staying behind would have been different for him. I dare say it was pure selfishness on my part, and has got to come out of me. You can't think how constantly it has been in my mind, Olive. You know the old superstition about giving 'a wish' when one sees a piebald horse. Of course it is all nonsense — wicked nonsense, perhaps. But ever since I was first married I have always kept that wish ready for such occasions — 'May I die before my husband.' I ought to be ashamed of myself. There oughtn't to be a wish about such things, except 'God's will be done.'

Olive Sinclair's mind and nature were fast developing in the keenly vital atmosphere of sorrow and pain. She was the confidant of both parents. Her father's one shrinking from death was for the parting from her and her mother; but it was only the parting he feared; he had no fear for them or their future.

"Everybody will be kind to you," he said; "I don't think anybody could help being kind to your mother, and they'll be kind to you too — only I think you are one of the sort who are very soon able to help themselves." (People often said this to Olive, and she never made any denial or protest; but a watchful observer might have seen that a shadow always fell across her face when she heard those words.) "It is in the nature of things that people should be kind to widows and orphans,

even on what one may call selfish grounds, at least on grounds which are not the highest. In every widow and orphan every man sees what his own wife and child will be, if he is taken; and so he treats them as he would like his own to be treated. Don't you see how reasonable that is, Olive?"

"It is quite reasonable, father," said Olive. "But I am not so sure that many people are reasonable. Why does the Bible have so many injunctions concerning widows and orphans, if it is in the nature of things that people should be kind to them? The Bible seems to speak as if they were too often the victims of extortion and injustice. Perhaps it is different in these days," she added hastily, fearing lest she might be adding a new distress to the invalid. "And, at any rate, daddy dear, mother and I will do very well indeed, if we get from others the kindness you have always given to widows and orphans." Olive had not been without little private resentments against sundry widows whose grief seemed to be a particular obstacle to their industry, and against certain orphans who had seemed ready to take everything except counsel. But she was glad now, for her father's sake, that if he had erred at all it had been on the softer side. "And mother and I are not going to be widow and orphan yet," the girl added gravely, with a deadly sinking of her heart.

"No, you will certainly not be a widow and an orphan in the sad sense," rejoined the schoolmaster, "for you will have Robert to look after you. Robert is certainly on the highway to fortune, though he may have a steep hill before him. If anything happens to me I dare say he will be able at once to take you both to live with him in London. It could be done cheaply, for it would only do your mother good to work for and look after you both, and you would have the better opportunity for finding out how you could secure your own independence."

Olive said nothing. She had a girl's natural delight in having pride and faith in an only brother. But she had also one of those clear-seeing and sincere souls which cannot perpetrate frauds on themselves, even for their own pleasure. "I don't think Robert writes as often as he might," she had often thought to herself, "nor that his letters are worth as much as they should be. He ought to know what a delight a letter from him is to mother, and how she worries, all to herself, when one doesn't come. And he

ought to know what an interest we should all feel in every little detail of his life. If he wrote real, good letters, I should not grudge their coming but seldom, and I don't believe mother would yearn after them so much; as it is, she is always in hopes the next will give her more satisfaction. Such letters as he does write he might write every day without wasting much of his valuable time — though he always is so busy."

And Olive had noticed that during the correspondence which had gone on since her father's illness, Robert had sought as few particulars concerning their situation as he had given concerning his own prosperity. He had written that certainly his father should undergo the operation, and that as soon as possible; he wondered there was any delay in the matter. But he made no inquiry concerning ways and means, and gave no hint of any practical aid it might be in his power to render. Olive knew that her mother had confidently expected such an offer, for Mrs. Sinclair had remarked that when Robert should make it, they might tell him "they could manage for the present, but would rely on his backing up their resources when they failed, and that then they must do as much as they could themselves, and so perhaps spare him altogether." But when the offer did not come, Mrs. Sinclair said nothing.

So a temporary arrangement was made whereby Quodda school was trusted to a substitute, and father, mother, and daughter started on their weary pilgrimage towards the south. Olive would have remained behind to spare the scanty means, but that during his bad attacks, always imminent, her father required such constant nursing as to make two attendants necessary. And the schoolmaster said cheerily, "that it was indeed an ill wind that blew nobody good," and he should not grudge his pains as they had so evidently secured him his daughter's company. But in Olive's own ear, he whispered that she must have come in any case, for it would never do if her mother should be alone in the event of anything happening.

All the way from Quodda to the seaport, not one of the sad little party said much concerning the course or the end of their journey, though they all spoke persistently of how the country would be looking on their return, and even, with desperate courage, went so far as to say that they might be detained away much longer than they thought. They were not

going farther than the Scottish capital, and they wondered if Robert might get a holiday to come north and join them there for their return. "That would set me up again," remarked the schoolmaster, thinking to wile his wife from her fears for him, by this pleasant prospect. The son had been away from home for nearly three years already. "Time always seems to have passed quickly when once it is gone," said the mother wistfully, thinking how slow the passing days were just then, with a terrible suspense elongating the hours into weeks. "I wish mother could go sound asleep for at least two months," thought Olive, "and only wake when all is well again."

In the schoolmaster's enfeebled condition, they had seen it necessary to plan to break the voyage at each port where the vessel stopped. And when they landed at Kirkwall, Olive, at least, felt quite sure that they would never get any farther south. Still even she scarcely looked for the end, or at least, not at once. They had taken thrifty lodgings in a rambling, heavily built, small-chambered old house, in sight of St. Magnus's Cathedral, and there the schoolmaster lay down to rest, and, as it proved, to die. The mother and daughter had already been safely through so many alarms, that when his last attack came on, they prepared for a night of watch and sleeplessness, with alert skill and devotion rather than with absolute fear. The paroxysm of pain and feverishness had passed, and the invalid lay in the heavy slumber from which he had often awakened refreshed and better for the time being. Olive felt her eyes growing heavy, their lids had indeed fallen, when she was aroused by seeing her mother rise with silent swiftness from the chair on which she had been reclining. She bent over the bed. Olive was by her side in a second. Her father was awake, and there was a look on his face which she had never seen before. She had never seen any one die. But she knew at once that this was death.

His eyes were fixed on her mother's face. And yet as he lay there, with that yearning gaze, she felt that he was floating away—away—and would soon be out of sight. He held her mother's hand; they saw rather than heard that he said,—

"Have faith, dearest; cheer up."

"I do, I do," said Mrs. Sinclair, quite quietly and firmly now. "Forgive me for having ever disturbed you with my selfish fears. God will make me strong. He will take care of us and we will take care

of each other. Don't fear for us. We will come on quite safely, after you."

He made a little sign to Olive. She put her hand into her mother's, and he folded his over both. They stood so for some minutes. Then Mrs. Sinclair unclasped Olive's fingers, and laid the dead man's hand gently down. She kneeled beside him, her eyes still on his face. Olive turned away. It was not for her to speak to or touch her mother just then. She was in the hands of the great Consoiler, whose presence seemed too real to be invisible.

With a true instinct, though it is at variance with all the conventional customs of woe, Olive stole to the window and drew up the blind. The morning light was already in the sky, glowing on the old cathedral, ruddy even in its hoary eel. A bird started from its nest in the eaves and flew past the window with a cheery note. A sunbeam darted into the chamber, it fell athwart her father's face and rested on her mother's head.

Mrs. Sinclair rose calmly. "We must send at once to Robert," she said. "How terrible it will be for him not to have been here! Olive, we must not let him get the blow from a cruel, bare telegram. Let us send the message to young Mr. Ollison, and so let the tidings reach the poor boy by a friend's voice."

## CHAPTER XII.

### ROBERT SINCLAIR DRIFTS.

ROBERT started off on his long journey to the north, at the earliest possible opportunity after Tom took him the news of his father's death. Tom furthered him in all his preparations in awed silence. Robert himself said very little, except "How sudden it was! it took one quite by surprise, found one quite unprepared." Tom replied that he believed it always did, however long it had been looked for. Robert "wondered if his father himself had expected it, and whether he had made any arrangements, and if so, what they were," adding that there was little arrangement in his power to make. Tom remarked that he knew his own father had made every arrangement, he had told him so himself, and Tom had got him to explain more fully sundry wishes he had expressed.

On hearing this, Robert Sinclair had silently reflected that young Ollison was more acute than some might think—one might have imagined that his feelings were too sensitive to allow him to probe

deeply on such subjects. Robert could not dream that the "arrangements" Tom had so carefully sought out did not so much concern the prospects of his own heirship as the pensioning of one or two old servants, the final provision for an old horse, and the disposal of the old chattels at Clegga, sacred in the son's eyes because they had surrounded the married life of his dead mother.

"I suppose you'll bring Mrs. Sinclair and Olive back with you, Robert," Tom had ventured to say. "Perhaps your mother will like to return to Stockley—I should not be surprised at that."

"I can't tell yet what will be done," Robert answered, rather shortly. "Of course, there are so many things to be taken into consideration."

After Tom had seen young Sinclair off in the north train, as for the sake of speed he was to travel as far as possible by rail, Tom went into the underground railway station, to make his own way back to his duties in Penman Row. He had just missed a train, and there was scarcely anybody on the platform but himself. As he stood alone there, absorbed in grave reflections, he was startled to hear his own name called, as it almost seemed, from the air, and in a voice which, though he did not recognize it, had yet an unmistakably familiar ring. As he looked round him in amaze, the call was repeated, accompanied by a light laugh. Hastily, carrying his eye down the platform, it rested on the gleaming colored crystal of the refreshment bar. Behind the counter stood a young woman, with her right hand eagerly held up.

Tom walked rather slowly towards her, wondering what she could want with him, and how she knew his name. The pink and white face set off by a fluff of yellow hair, and a pair of sparkling earrings, seemed quite strange to him. When, however, it brightened into a greeting smile, its identity dawned upon him. This was Kirsty Mail, strangely transformed indeed! Tom knew that she had carried out her intention of leaving Mrs. Brander's service, and also that she had not fulfilled her promise of letting him know what became of her.

"I beg your pardon for the liberty I took, Mr. Ollison," said the girl as he came up to her. "But it is such a treat to see a Shetland face, and I know you are not too proud to have a good word for an old acquaintance."

Despite the affected humility of the words Kirsty's tone was pert and her gaze

was bold — there was a long distance and a wide experience between this Kirsty, and the demure little maiden who had been Tom's fellow-traveller.

"Well, Kirsty," he said, "I'm glad to see you; but I can't say I'm glad to see you here."

Kirsty laughed hardly. "Miss Chrissie Mail, if you please, Mr. Ollison," she said. "Kirsty is too familiar here. You see we young ladies get on in the world as well as you young gentlemen!"

"Very well, Miss Mail," assented Tom. "So let it be. But what did your uncle think of the change in your course of life?"

"Oh, I suppose you've heard that gran-nie is gone at last?" Miss Mail asked in return. Mr. Ollison of Clegga had mentioned that fact in one of his letters to his son. "Well," she pursued, "uncle and I had a fall-out at that time. He wrote to me that he had had so much extra expense during her illness, that he thought I ought to help a little with her funeral. I told him I couldn't. I really couldn't, Mr. Ollison. I had not a sovereign of my own at the time. And men ought not to expect women to do that kind of thing."

"Why not, Miss Mail?" asked Tom. "Among women's 'rights' have they no right to render love and duty?"

Miss Mail tossed her head. "It's very fine talking," she said. "Maybe I'd have done it if I could — I reckon I would — but don't I tell you, I hadn't a sovereign in the wide world?"

"But ought you not to have had one, and perhaps many more than one?" urged Tom. "Poverty is no excuse, you know, if the poverty itself is inexcusable."

"Uncle said something of that sort," said Kirsty. "It's all very fine, but you can't expect a girl to be always saving and screwing. It's little enough we can earn at the best, and we could scarcely get anything nice if it wasn't given to us, and we often have to spend some of our own money on our presents, before we can make them of any use to us. Uncle wrote me a scolding letter, and I never answered him, and don't mean to."

"But even if you were obliged to leave the Branders' because you were unhappy with them, there were other houses where you might have got service, and have found things more pleasant, Kirsty," pleaded Tom, relapsing into his old habit; "I think it would have been well to bear a great deal rather than to enter the way of life you are in now."

"Oh, well, Mr. Ollison, there are good

and bad of all sorts," said Kirsty. "And I had got sick o' domestic service. Maybe I'd looked at it from the wrong end, but so it was."

"What put it into your head to take up this employment?" asked Tom.

"When my cousin Hannah came from Edinburgh to London, she got a place at the bar of the Royal Stag," narrated Kirsty, "and I used to go to see her there, and they used to let me be with her in the bar; and then the manager gave me an introduction to our firm here. I'm not defending all Hannah's ways," said the girl, evidently with some repressed recollection in her own mind. "But some has faults of one sort and some of another. One must take folks as one finds 'em; and Hannah's always been kind to me. Somebody must do this sort of thing, and I don't see why they're to be despised. Mrs. Brander was very angry about my going to see Hannah at the Royal Stag. It wasn't respectable and she couldn't allow it, she said; and it was that we split over. I don't see the mighty differ between the likes of me going to visit Hannah, serving out the drams and gills over the counter of the Royal Stag, and the mistress and Miss Etta going to visit the family of the great distiller who supplied the gin and brandy to the cellars of the Royal Stag. And that was what they were always very glad to do! I ain't saying a word against the gentleman," added unthinking Kirsty, "for I know he gives a deal of charity, and has rebuilt the parish church. You won't deny that people must have food and drink, Mr. Tom; and so somebody's got to give it 'em."

"Providing for honest human wants is about the most honorable of human service," said Tom. "But what wants do you provide for?" He gave a significant glance over the few plates of untempting pastry, and then over the goodly array of bottles and casks in the background. "Is the underground railway so very unhealthy," he asked with a sad humor, "that the travellers on it must be so care-fully supplied with 'medicine'?"

Kirsty's blue eyes fell — they were still pretty blue eyes, though they were fast becoming bold and vacant.

"You are rather hard on us, Mr. Tom," she pouted. "I'm sure I do my best. There's many a man whom I tell that he ought to be ashamed of himself for coming to me as often as he does — men that I've seen on the platform, at other times, with poor drudges of wives with 'em. And

I'm quite sorry for some of the poor young fellows, for I do believe they take a glass just for the sake of having a little friendly chat with somebody!"

"But it is not that you may prevent drunkards from drinking, or youths from forming drinking habits, that you are hired here," said Tom. "Nor, I think, was it quite for that reason that you took this post."

Kirsty's eyes fell lower — then she raised them in defiance. "No, it wasn't," she answered. "I'd made up my mind to have a bit of fun, and no hard work, and some nice clothes — and so I will — come what may!"

"Has Mrs. Brander learned where you are? Has she ever inquired after you since you left her house?" asked Tom.

Kirsty laughed again, that hard, bitter laugh which he had noticed at the very first. "Not she!" she replied. "She never asked where I was going when she saw my boxes being put on the cab. But what do I care? I hear about her though. I can hear as much as I like about their house. Wouldn't they be mad if they only knew!"

"How is that?" Tom inquired. But Kirsty only tossed her head significantly, and was at that moment called aside to attend on a customer, whose complimentary badinage seemed to Tom so tangibly insulting that he could hardly realize that Kirsty, by choosing to stand where she did, had deprived him of all right to knock down the fellow who dared so to address his old neighbor. "Miss Chrissie," however, was only smiles and graciousness. And Tom waited no longer than to give her the last Shetland news — the tidings of Mr. Sinclair's death, and to hastily exhort her "if ever he could be of service to her," to remember that his address was in Penman Row.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
HAS THE NEWEST WORLD THE OLDEST  
POPULATION?

IT is difficult for us now to imagine the feelings of wonder and surprise with which the Spanish explorers of the fifteenth century first witnessed the marvels of that American continent which acquired the appellation of "the New World." Most interesting of all were the human inhabitants of those western regions; and especially interesting to the European invaders, who were fully alive to diversities as

to customs social and religious, but were ill qualified to appreciate the zoological and botanical novelties of the countries they explored. Their cupidity was aroused by the gold of Mexico and Peru; and the human sacrifices of the first-named empire, and the sun-worship of the latter, naturally attracted their notice, and stimulated their curiosity; but although they remarked the strange animals which they for the first time saw, they were quite unable to estimate justly their novelty, and the relations they bore to the animal inhabitants of the world which the followers of Columbus had left behind them. Yet the animal population, or *fauna*, of the New World was a strangely different one from that of Europe, Africa, and Asia. This is especially the case if we consider the animals which inhabit South America. There, in the first place, we find a great number of monkeys, but not one which has also a home on the other side of the Atlantic.\* They are different in the aspect of their faces; different in the number of their teeth; and different in that many of them have the power of firmly grasping with the end of the tail † — a power which no Old World ape possesses. A whole family of bats is found in America which has no representation in other regions; and there alone is the true vampire bat ‡ found — a creature formed to live exclusively by blood-sucking, and of an almost incredible voracity. In America alone do we find such creatures as the raccoon and coati, the fur-bearing chinchilla, the agouti, and guinea pig, with their gigantic cousin the capybara; also tree porcupines and pouched rats. When the Spaniards landed in the New World, not a single horse existed within it, though ancient kinds of horses had lived there, and become extinct long before their advent. Neither did they find oxen, or sheep, or camels; there was but the llama — the natives' only beast of burden — while instead of hogs there were peccaries. Two or three kinds of tapir range the Andes, creatures no species of which is elsewhere found, save a different one in the Malay Archipelago.

Far more curious and exceptional, however, than any of the creatures yet referred

\* In one or two of the West Indian islands some African monkeys have been introduced by some one, and now run wild.

† This evidently adapts them, even better than the apes of the Old World are adapted, for living in trees. Brazil contains the largest forest area in the world, and various kinds of animals which live there have special adaptations of structure for forest life which their cousins of other regions are not provided with.

‡ Of the genus *Desmodus*.

to, are the sloths, ant-eaters, and armadillos, found nowhere but in South America, where they once existed with, or were preceded by, allied forms of gigantic size (the *Megatherium*, *Mylodon*, *Glyptodon*, etc.), now passed away forever. Lastly, we may note the opossums, of which there are many species, creatures so interesting from several anatomical characters by which they differ from all other beasts, whether of the New World, or of Europe, Africa, and Asia; although allied forms once existed in Europe, but have long become extinct there.

Buffon was one of the first to point out many general considerations of interest with respect to the diversity existing between the fauna of the Old World and that of America,\* but the flora of America is also interesting and peculiar in many respects. In the north we find no less than one hundred and fifty-five kinds of trees, amongst which are magnolias, tulip trees, liquid amba, sassafras, the catalpa, butternut, black walnut, the deciduous cypress, the Virginia creeper, the red maple and the sumach, the gigantic Wellingtonia, the Douglas fir, *Pinus insignis*, *P. macrocarpa*, *Thuya gigantea*, *T. Lobii*, *Picea Nobilis* and *P. lasiocarpa*, as well as the cypresses *Lawsoniana* and *Lambertiana*. Further south the flora becomes one of the richest in the world. Amongst the peculiar forms there found are the giant water lily (*Victoria regia*), the whole of the *Bromeliaceæ*, all the *Cacti* but two,† all the agaves and yuccas, the araucaria, the buddlea, and the superb *Laubageria rosea*, while in the adjacent Southern Ocean is found that most wonderful seaweed (*Macrocystis*), which may attain the enormous length of seven hundred feet.

It might well seem that with the discovery of America the greatest novelties of the natural world in this planet were finally disclosed, and that no such surprise could be reserved for the adventurous Spaniards' successors in other ages. Such, however, was not to be the case. It was reserved for that great empire which extends more widely than did that of the emperor Charles V. — our own empire — to become the exclusive possessors of a

\* See his "Histoire Naturelle," vol. ix., wherein is a chapter on the animals of the Old and New Worlds. He speculates on the puma, jaguar, ocelot, and peccary, being degradations of Old World forms. He thought that the American apes, agoutis, and ant-eaters might also be changed and degraded kinds, but he took the opossum, sloths, and tapirs to be original species.

† Namely, one cactus found in Ceylon and one in western Africa.

third and *newest* world, the peculiarity of the natural productions of which far exceeds the peculiarity of the vast region which stretches from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn.

This third and newest world is the world of Australia—or, as it was earlier called, “Austral-Asia.” The races of men who inhabited it were, at first sight, singularly uninteresting when compared with the Mexicans and Peruvians as they were when originally discovered. But the non-human animal population and the plants, the fauna and the flora, of Australia presented the most wonderful surprise and anomalous forms, the true nature of some of which is yet an unsolved problem for the biologist. Moreover, when discoveries began to be made there, scientific knowledge being much further advanced than it was in the days of the discovery of America, the natural peculiarities of the new land were able to be far more readily appreciated. What must not have been the delight, the enchantment of a naturalist like Sir Joseph Banks, on first landing and walking in such a very fairyland of scientific novelty as he found in Australia! To have found one's self for the first time amongst the plants and animals of that continent must have been like finding one's self for the first time on the surface of a new planet. The botanist must have been at once astonished and delighted with the different kinds of gum-trees (*Eucalyptus*), some of gigantic size, the grass gum-trees (*Xanthorrhæa*), the various acacias with their vertical leaf-stalks (phyllodes) simulating leaves; the casurina, and so many other vegetable novelties. The ornithologist would be struck with so many cockatoos, brush-tongued lorries, and many new parrots; with the brush turkey (the mound-making birds, which alone of the feathered tribes hatch their eggs, not by the heat of the body, but by artificial heat), the lyre birds, the honeysuckers, the emeu, and a multitude of other altogether new species, found in no other part of the world's surface, while the absence throughout the entire continent of woodpeckers, pheasants, and other familiar forms, might also have surprised him greatly. But it would be by no means the birds alone which would astonish the zoologist. The bizarre frilled lizard might have crossed his path, and that other lizard, the repulsive aspect of whose back and yellow body, beset with many spines, has gained the appellation of *Moloch horridus*. As to beasts, the absence of famil-

iar forms would be no less surprising to the new comer than the strangeness of the unfamiliar forms he met with. No monkeys bounded through its forest glades, no catlike forms, no bears, wolves, civets, or foxes were to be found amidst its beasts of prey. No squirrels clambered and sported in its trees, or hares or rabbits on its plains, from which all cattle, deer, antelopes, or goats were still more conspicuously absent. Instead of these, a vast variety of opossum-like creatures of all sizes and organized for the most different modes of life, alone existed. The world, which (zoologically considered) continually grows more prosaic, has no such treat left in store for any explorer as it offered to those who first explored Australia. Amongst the more conspicuous of its animals was the kangaroo. It is now a little more than a hundred and sixteen years since that animal was first distinctly seen by English observers.\*

At the recommendation and request of the Royal Society, Captain (then Lieutenant) Cook set sail in May, 1768, in the ship “Endeavor,” on a voyage of exploration, and for the observation of the transit of Venus of the year 1769, which transit the travellers observed, from the Society Islands, on June 3rd in that year. In the spring of the following year the ship started from New Zealand to the eastern coast of New Holland, visiting, amongst other places, a spot which, on account of the number of plants found there by Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks, received the name of Botany Bay. Afterwards, when detained in Endeavor River (about 15° S. lat.) by the need of repairing a hole made in the vessel by a rock (part of which, fortunately, itself stuck in the hole it made), Captain Cook tells us that on Friday, June 22, 1770, “some of the people were sent on the other side of the water to shoot pigeons for the sick, who at their return reported that they had seen an animal as large as a greyhound, of a slender make, a mouse color, and extremely soft.” On the next day he tells us: —

This day almost everybody had seen the animal which the pigeon-shooters had brought an account of the day before; and one of the seamen, who had been rambling in the woods, told us on his return that he verily believed he

\* Cornelius de Bruins, a Dutch traveller, saw it so early as 1711, in captivity in a garden in Batavia, and figured it (*Reizen over Moskouw, door Persie en Indie*, Amsterdam, 1714, p. 374, fig. 213). It was also described by Pallas, *Act. Acad. Sc. Petrop.*, 1777, pl. 2, p. 299, tab. 4, figs. 4 and 5.

had seen the devil. We naturally inquired in what form he had appeared, and his answer was, "as large as a one-gallon keg, and very like it; he had horns and wings, yet he crept so slowly through the grass that, if I had not been *afeared*, I might have touched him." This formidable apparition was afterwards, however, discovered to have been a bat (a flying fox).

Early the next day [Captain Cook continues] as I was walking in the morning, at a little distance from the ship, I saw myself one of the animals which had been described; it was of a light mouse color, and in size and shape much resembled a greyhound; it had a long tail also, which it carried like a greyhound; and I should have taken it for a wild dog if, instead of running, it had not leapt like a hare or deer.

Mr. Banks also had an imperfect view of this animal, and was of opinion that its species was hitherto unknown. The work exhibits an excellent figure of the animal. Again, on Sunday, July 8, being still in Endeavor River, Captain Cook tells us that some of the crew

set out with the first dawn, in search of game, and in a walk of many miles they saw four animals of the same kind, two of which Mr. Banks' greyhound fairly chased; but they threw him out at a great distance, by leaping over the long, thick grass, which prevented his running. This animal was observed not to run upon four legs, but to bound and leap forward upon two, like the jerboa.

Finally, on Sunday, July 14th, Mr. Gore, who went out with his gun, had the good fortune to kill one of these animals which had been so much the subject of speculation; [adding] this animal is called by the natives *kangaroo*.

The next day (Sunday, July 15th) our kangaroo was dressed for dinner, and proved most excellent meat.

Such is the earliest notice of this creature's observation by Englishmen.

The kangaroo, and various other Australian beasts — notably the duck-billed platypus (*Ornithorhynchus*) and the spiny ant-eater (*Echidna*) — soon attracted much attention. Nevertheless, the amount of divergence existing between the structure of the beasts in this newest world and that of the beasts of the rest of this planet's surface, was not appraised at its just value till long afterwards — not till after the time even of the illustrious George Cuvier.

With the exception of the native dog — the dingo (probably introduced by man) — one kind of rat, and a few bats, all the beasts of Australia are of a special kind of structure technically spoken of as

"marsupial," a structure possessed by no beasts which are not found in the Australian region with the single exception of the opossums of America, which are marsupials also.

The group of marsupial animals is one of very exceptional interest, but in order to understand wherein this interest lies, it is necessary to have a certain preliminary notion of the mass of beasts or "mammals" which are *not* marsupials.

All mammals, whether marsupial or not, constitute what is zoologically called a CLASS of animals — viz., the class *Mammalia*, composed of "mammals," i.e., of animals which suckle their young.

This class is divided into a number of orders as follows: —

- (1.) The order to which men and apes belong, the order *Primates*.
- (2.) The order to which dogs, cats, weasels, bears, civets, and seals belong, the order *Carnivora*.
- (3.) The order to which all cattle belong, the order *Ungulata*.
- (4.) The order of whales and porpoises, or *Cetacea*.
- (5.) The order of elephants, *Proboscidea*.
- (6.) The order to which the manatee and dugong belong, as well as the extinct *Rhytina* — the skeleton of which was to be seen last year in the Fisheries Exhibition, the order *Sirenia*.
- (7.) The order containing the moles, hedgehogs, shrews and their allies, the *Insectivora*.
- (8.) The order of bats, *Chiroptera*.
- (9.) The order of gnawing animals, such as the rat, squirrel, rabbit, and guinea pig, the order *Rodentia*.
- (10.) The order of the sloths, true ant-eaters, the pangolin, the aard-vark, and the armadillos, the *Edentata*.

Now these ten orders include animals very different both in appearance and structure. The squirrel and the whale are not very much alike, neither does a bat closely resemble a horse, nor is an elephant very like a mouse. Nevertheless all these ten orders of creatures, different as they may be in size, habit, and appearance, yet form one natural group united by a variety of very important characters which every member of the group possesses. It is convenient to be able to speak of this group of ten orders as one whole, and to be able to do this we must distinguish them by some common name, and the common names which have been given them are those of *Placentalia* or *Monodelphia*, and they may be

spoken of altogether as "placental" or as "monodelphous" mammals.\*

Another point to note is, that different as are the different orders of placentals, nevertheless the kinds contained in each placental (a monodelphous "order") are tolerably alike. This is obviously the case — e.g., with the creatures which make up the order of bats, and with those which respectively compose the orders of whales and porpoises, of gnawing animals, of cattle, and of apes and man.

When, however, we pass to the next, or eleventh order of mammals, we find that that order is a singularly varied one, and at the same time widely distinct from any of the other ten. This eleventh order is the order *Marsupialia*, and includes all marsupials — that is, almost the whole of the Australian beasts, together with the opossums of America.

The marsupial order is much more varied than any of the placental orders, for it contains creatures which present analogies with several of the latter — namely, with *Carnivora*, *Insectivora*, *Rodentia*, *Ungulata*, and *Edentata* respectively.

Thus, it contains carnivorous creatures, such as the native cats (*Dasyurus*), and the Tasmanian wolf (*Thylacinus*) and their allies, which, as their English names imply, may be said to parallel monodelphous carnivora.

It also comprises small insect-eating opossums (*Perameles*, *Phascogale*, etc.), as well as the American opossums (*Didelphys*) which represent placental insectivora.

The tree and flying opossums (*Phalangista* and *Petaurus*) much resemble rodents in their habits, while the wombat (*Phascolomys*) is quite rodent in its dentition.

The kangaroos (*Macropus* and *Hypsiprymnus*), roving and grazing over widespread plains, may be said to represent amongst marsupials the deer and antelope of the monodelphous series of animals.

It is the echidna which reminds us most of the *Edentata*, but the echidna and the platypus form a group by themselves which has at least the rank of a distinct order, called *Monotremata*. We say "at least," because, different as is the marsupial order from the whole of the ten higher or placental orders, that difference is vastly exceeded by the distinction which

obtains between the *Marsupialia* and the *Monotremata*. The last is the lowest of all the mammalian orders, because it presents great differences of structure from all these orders, and shows various affinities to creatures which are reckoned as inferior to the class of beasts — namely, to birds and reptiles. In what these differences consist cannot here be fully explained. Too much space would be required in order to make any such explanation intelligible. It must suffice to say that in the structure of the bones of the shoulder, and those of the ear and jaw, in the conditions of the renal apparatus and of the parts adjacent thereto, there are (in the platypus and echidna) wide divergences from what we find in all other mammals, and considerable approximations to what we find in birds and reptiles.

What indications do the fauna and flora of this newest world afford as to its age? Have we here a rare and still surviving population which has elsewhere become extinct, or has this isolated land been the theatre of a peculiar and more recent creation — or "evolution," to use the language made familiar by modern science?

It has now been known for the best part of a century that the animal population of the earth has changed from time to time, new and for the most part higher species successively replacing, at irregular intervals, older and in the main less highly developed forms of life. For the last quarter of a century it has been growing continually more and more probable that the true relation between older and more recent forms is that of direct parentage, new species being slowly or quickly "evolved" from progenitors of dissimilar kinds by the combined action of internal powers and external conditions. If we accept this now generally adopted view, how are we to regard these Australian beasts? Are we to regard them as the last survivors of forms once generally spread over the earth's surface, or as a peculiar local development of comparatively modern times?

The suggestion has been made that there was at one period a widely spread monotrematous fauna (of which the platypus and echidna are the sole survivors), afterwards succeeded by a generally diffused marsupial fauna, which has since been replaced by varieties of placental mammalian life. For the existence, at any period, of a widely spread monotrematous fauna there is as yet, however, no title of evidence.

\* The term "placental" refers to a mode of reproduction; "monodelphous" to a structural condition of the organs serving that function.

The belief that there was formerly a very widely diffused marsupial fauna is one which has, however, gained considerable acceptance; and that its area was really larger at one time than at present is certain, from the discovery by Cuvier of a fossil opossum (allied to the American opossums) in the quarries of Montmartre. More than this, however, is widely accepted. It is very often supposed that, in times spoken of in geology as "triassic," there were no mammals which were *not* marsupial; and that we have in Australia what is, as it were, a modified triassic fauna still surviving.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of this view. In the first place, the existing marsupials of Australia are not the first which have inhabited that region. Huge beasts — closely allied to the kangaroos of to-day, but of very different shape and proportions — have lived, become extinct, and left their fossil remains, thus showing that the existing mammalian life of this newest world is, at the least, not the newest kind of such life. Secondly, the most ancient beasts, the remains of which have been as yet discovered,\* although inhabitants of the northern hemisphere, have more resemblance to certain Australian forms than to any other existing mammals. They are known to us by scanty relics preserved in the solidified mud of ancient triassic and oolitic waters, and the animal they most resemble is the beautifully marked small insectivorous marsupial known in zoology by the generic term *Myrmecobius*. A third argument for the antiquity of the Australian fauna is afforded by a living animal of a very different class. Certain fossil teeth have long been known to zoologists as objects occasionally found in triassic strata, and the animal to which such teeth belonged was distinguished by the designation *Ceratodus*. A few years ago a large flat-headed fish was found in Australia, which on examination was discovered to possess the very teeth then only known in a fossil condition — *Ceratodus*, in fact, was discovered still living, a still surviving relic of the ancient oolitic and triassic seas!

These three facts cannot be denied to possess a certain weight in favor of the hypothesis of the great antiquity of the Australian fauna. Still, as we shall shortly see, they are not conclusive; while there is an argument, drawn from certain ana-

tomical conditions, in favor of the hypothesis that the Australian mammals are not survivals of a once widely diffused form of life, since the mammals in question do not form a really homogeneous group, and may have sprung from two distinct roots, so that their resemblance may have been rather superinduced than inherited.

The anatomical conditions referred to refer to the structure of the hind foot in different marsupials.

One of the most curious points of structure in the kangaroo is to be found in the feet of that animal. Each hind foot has but two large and conspicuous toes, the inner one of which is much the larger, and bears a very long and strong claw — a formidable defensive weapon when the creature stands at bay. On the inner side of this is what appears to be one very minute toe, but which is furnished with two small claws. An examination of the bones of the foot shows us, however, that it really consists of two very slender toes (answering to our second and third toes), united together in a common fold, or sheath, of skin. Another character of the kangaroo is that a pair of bones, called "marsupial bones," lie within the flesh of the front of the animal's belly, each being attached at one end to the front (or upper) margin of that bony girdle to which the hind limbs are articulated, and which is called the pelvis. Another point is that the lower hinder portion of each side of the bone of the lower jaw is bent in, or inflected.

Now almost all marsupials agree with the kangaroo in having marsupial bones and inflected angles to the jaw, while a certain number of them also agree with it in having the second and third toes reduced in size.

Amongst Australian mammals which so agree with the kangaroo — *i.e.*, in having these toes more or less reduced — are the arboreal phalangers (*Phalangista*), the flying phalanger (*Petaurus*), the koala, or native bear (*Phascolarctus*), the wombat (*Phascolomys*), and the bandicoot (*Perameles*). Other marsupials in which these toes are *not* reduced in size are the native cat (*Dasyurus*), together with the American opossums (*Didelphys*) and the Australian forms *Phascogale* and *Myrmecobius*.

Does this divergence of character throw any light, and if any, what, on the origin of the Australian marsupials, and the question of the true relation borne by the Australian mammalian fauna to the inhab-

\* *Microlestes*, *Dromatherium*, *Amphitherium*, *Amphilestes*, *Phascolotherium*, and *Stereognathus*.

itants of other parts of the earth's surface?

It seems to us that it does; for it seems to prove that the characters common to all marsupials are not so peculiar and important as to show that they must all have had a common origin, since had they had such common origin, there would hardly be this curious diversity in foot-structure.

Moreover, if the placental modification of mammalian structure could have arisen once, what is there to prevent its having arisen twice, and so have made such uniformity as does exist between the equal-toed and unequal-toed groups of marsupials, an *induced* uniformity and not an *aboriginal* one?

The three reasons before referred to as favoring the view of the great antiquity and general diffusion of marsupial life are (as has been before said) not conclusive, for the following reasons. That large extinct forms of kangaroos, etc., preceded the existing forms in recent geological times is only what we might expect, seeing how at the same time gigantic sloth-like creatures, ant-eaters and armadillos, preceded, in South America, the small sloths, ant-eaters, and armadillos of today. The surviving triassic fish will agree as well with the later as with the earlier development of Australian mammals. It is only the remaining argument which has any force, but the force it at first appears to have becomes much diminished by a critical examination of the matter. Only one of the triassic fossil mammals before referred to had (as marsupials have) inflected angles to its jaw, while in the number of cutting-teeth they all (where evidence on this point exists) diverge from the marsupial type and agree with that of the carnivorous placentals. All that these fossil forms can be held to demonstrate is that there existed at the time of their entombment species which had both marsupial and monodelphous affinities, and which may have been some of the as yet undifferentiated ancestors whence those two most widely divergent and unequal groups of mammals (the placental and the marsupial) have descended. This is the more likely, since the oldest known mammals of the next geological epoch with mammalian remains — the eocene — present us with forms\* which, though still somewhat intermediate between the *Marsupialia* and the *Monodel-*

*phia*, seem rather to be related to the monodelphous order *Insectivora* (the order of the hedgehog and its allies) than to the *Marsupialia*.

From this insectivorous root, then, the marsupials, as we at present know them, not improbably diverge as a relatively unimportant branch, while the main stem of the mammalian tree continued on and gave origin to the various successively arising orders of mammalian life.

This view may be strengthened by the indication that the existing marsupial (*Myrmecobius*) which most nearly resembles the old triassic mammals, is just one of those marsupials in which the specially marsupial character, "the pouch," is wanting. The same is the case with the allied genus *Phascogale*, while in most of the small American opossums (*Didelphys*) the pouch is not developed; the character is still a very variable one in many forms of the order, as if it had not become, even yet, a completely established character. It is the very highly specialized Australian forms, the kangaroos and phalangers — forms that may be relatively modern developments — which have the pouch most completely formed, and which may be considered to be the typical representatives of marsupial life. It is also far from impossible that some of the existing marsupials have come, as before suggested, from a different root to that which gave rise to the others. Forms may have grown alike from different origins, as few things are more certain in the matter of development than that similar structures often arise independently, and causes which would induce marsupial modifications in the descendants of one root-form might well induce them in another root-form also. The singular difference in the structure of the hind foot, which exists between two sets of marsupials seems (as before observed) to point to a twofold origin of the order *Marsupialia* (as it now exists) from pre-existing forms, the nearest allies to which are those monodelphous mammals, the *Insectivora*. Thus viewed, the marsupial order appears to represent the more or less modern culmination, in the remote Australian region, of the process of evolution, or unfolding, according to preimposed divine law, as directed to the multifold elaboration of the marsupial type of mammalian life, a type which never reached those higher stages of development which the class *mammalia* has elsewhere attained.

It cannot then by any means be safely

\* *Arctocyon*, *Pterodon*, *Provinerra*, *Hyænodon*, *Palaeonictis*, etc.

From The Spectator.

COLERIDGE'S INTELLECTUAL  
INFLUENCE.

affirmed that, as regards marsupials, the newest world—the world of Australia—has the oldest animal population, though its marsupial fauna is the most peculiar and aberrant of all the faunas to be found upon the earth's surface. Peculiar in its degree is the fauna of South Africa, still more so that of the island of Madagascar, while the peculiarity of the animals of the South American continent has been pointed out in the beginning of this article—animals amongst which are included many species of a genus (*Didelphys*) of marsupials. But the nature of the whole marsupial order, interesting and puzzling as the question may be, is but a small puzzle compared with that which relates to the nature and origin of those Australian animals the platypus and echidna. By the possession of these animals that region of the earth's surface is indeed zoologically distinguished. The great island of New Guinea has made us acquainted with a new and larger kind of echidna, but as yet no fossil remains anywhere discovered throw a single ray of light as to the mode of origin of these two most peculiar forms. They stand widely apart from and at a much lower level than all other mammals, yet they do not stand near together. In brain, in heart, and in many other anatomical characters, these two beasts differ greatly, which tends to show that whatever may be the case with marsupials, these two aberrant monotremes are the last survivors of an extinct race which must once have had to show a number of forms and kinds of life more or less intermediate between the platypus and echidna. Whether these unknown and lost progenitors were inhabitants of Australia, or whether their descendants migrated into that region from some other land now covered by the waters of the Southern Ocean, a vast antiquity can alone account for their evolution, multiplication of types, and extinction. As regards these monotremes, then, we may not fear to affirm that this newest world does contain certain survivors of a very ancient, if not most ancient, form of incipient, or highly aberrant, mammalian life. They are the most peculiar beasts which have as yet anywhere been found; nor should we hesitate to affirm that the fragments of the earth's surface yet unvisited will make science acquainted with no living forms (whatever fossils they may afford) nearly so strange and so suggestive of a hoar antiquity as these denizens of our newest world, the platypus and the echidna.

If we are to trust Mr. Traill, — whose little book on Coleridge we have reviewed in another column, — Coleridge left us only the delight of his few great poems and of his fine poetical criticism, while the influence which he exercised as a thinker is almost nil. He hints, indeed, that while he genuinely impressed "a few mystics of the type of Maurice," he exercised no permanent influence on English thought. Cardinal Newman thinks differently. He holds that Coleridge had paved the way philosophically for a new and deeper apprehension of theology; and we confess that we attach far more value to the judgment of Cardinal Newman in such a matter than we do to the judgment of Mr. Traill. Indeed, there can, we think, hardly be any question that Coleridge led the way in that reaction against the philosophy of Locke which made even Carlyle's vague transcendentalism itself possible, though it did not, and could not, make such transcendentalism a real power in the actual life of England. Coleridge was quite right in thinking that his philosophy was useful chiefly as a *rationale* of man's nature in perfect harmony with the Christian revelation,—a description which certainly would not apply to the philosophy of Condillac, or Locke, or Hume, or Herbert Spencer. Coleridge, if he exerted any really great and permanent influence over English thought, exerted it in this direction, by effecting a reconciliation between the theology of the New Testament and the philosophy of the nineteenth century.

But did he really do this? Did the various metaphysical disquisitions, so curiously wedged into the "Biographia Literaria," or those volumes of Mr. Green's which professed to be the fruits of Coleridge's teaching, succeed in refuting the philosophy of the materialist school, or of that purely evolutionist school which maintains that the mind of man bears no witness in itself to the antecedent existence of a consciousness infinitely larger and grander than ours, but is only the slowly ripening fruit of an experience first gathered in the lower regions of blind sensation? We lay no great stress on the drift of Coleridge's more abstract disquisitions, and no stress at all on the legacy of his faithful pupil's labors. It was not by his metaphysical dissertations, subtle and instructive as these often are, and certainly not by the testimony of his

favorite disciple, that Coleridge has exerted the great influence he has on English thought. We should say that it is chiefly, if not wholly, by his scattered criticisms of the secrets of spiritual and poetical truth; by his exposition of the magic of the greatest writers, sacred or profane; by his criticisms of the Bible, of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Wordsworth; by his striking comments on history and politics; and by the flashes of wisdom is his "Table Talk," that he has done so much to subvert the theory that there is no room in man for true communion with the Divine, and to implant the belief that man's nature is not intelligible at all, except on the assumption of an organic relation between his mind and a spring of infinite wisdom, an assumption altogether beyond the range of sense evolution. We admit freely that the way in which Coleridge produced this conviction in the best minds of his age was in the highest degree desultory, by the multitude of little glimpses, in fact, which he gave us into the organic relations of human life with the life above us. But then, what way would be more effective than this? Take, for instance, that discussion of his of the secret of true imaginative power, to which Mr. Traill himself bears such cordial testimony in the little book to which we have referred. We will quote a very short passage from the "Table Talk" by way of illustration: —

You may conceive the difference in kind between the Fancy and the Imagination in this way, — that if the check of the senses and the reason were withdrawn, the first would become delirium, and the last mania. The Fancy brings together images which have no connection natural or moral, but are yoked together by the poet by means of some accidental coincidence; as in the well-known passage in Hudibras: —

The sun had long since in the lap  
Of Thetis taken out his nap,  
And like a lobster bœy'd, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.

The Imagination modifies images, and gives unity to variety; it sees all things in one, *il più nell' uno*. There is the epic imagination, the perfection of which is in Milton; and the dramatic, of which Shakespeare is the absolute master. The first gives unity by throwing back into the distance; as after the magnificent approach of the Messiah to battle, the poet, by one touch from himself —

far off their coming shone! —

makes the whole one image. And so at the conclusion of the description of the appearance of the entranced angels, in which every sort of image from all the regions of earth and air is introduced to diversify and illustrate,

the reader is brought back to the single image by —

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded.

The dramatic imagination does not throw back, but brings close; it stamps all nature with one, and that its own, meaning, as in *Lear* throughout.

Well, who can accept that account of the secret of imagination, as of a power which in a flash gives a true wholeness to any part of human life, and yet believe that flash to visit the poet as a mere overflow of the material forces of nature, though its result is to bring about a new illumination of the secrets of the universe, a light then and there arising for the first time? Does not Coleridge's account of the imagination imply necessarily that this mastery of a living whole springs from a true insight into the integrity of the universe, an insight which nothing but light from the true creative power could give; that poetic inspiration is really traceable to living relations with much more vital and, therefore, much higher spiritual knowledge than our own? Would not evolution *from beneath* necessarily forbid the notion of these sudden springs into a far higher mastery of the facts of life than any which our toilsome advances, our slowly accumulated experience, our unassisted gropings, could possibly account for? The whole of Coleridge's analysis of the secret of poetic power virtually assumes that the genius of man is an overflow from the genius of the true creative spirit, and that genius could not spring to the heights it does, and that, too, without the least clue to its own mode of operation, were there not at its source a far stronger grasp of the secrets of creation than any which the highest human genius can reach.

Again, take such a comment as this — also to be found in the "Table Talk," which may be said to be essence of Coleridge, while all his other works are mere tinctures of Coleridge, — on the unique feature of Jewish history: —

The people of all other nations, but the Jewish, seem to look backwards and also to exist for the present; but in the Jewish scheme everything is prospective and preparatory; nothing, however trifling, is done for itself alone, but all is typical of something yet to come.

This, again, is a criticism as pitiful as it is obviously true. And what does it not argue as to the informing spirit of the leaders of the Jewish people? The most sceptical of critics will not deny that, however little credit they may give to proph-

ecy in detail, the prophetic attitude was of the very genius of the Jewish people; nor that this prophetic attitude did at least point to an event, many centuries distant, which actually revolutionized human history, however little they may be inclined to admit that this event was anticipated in minute detail. Now what is the explanation of this unique forward glance of the only people whose history really claims to be ordained of God, unless it be found in the assumption that there was a spiritual power higher than the prophets, and which commanded the future, presented to them in but dim glimpses and intimations, in true communion with the prophets?

Or take again that passage in the Lay Sermon on the Bible as "The Statesman's Manual," in which Coleridge anticipated one of the chief ideas of Carlyle's "French Revolution," and expounded the intimate relation between the passions and the generalizations, true or false, of the human reason: —

I have known men, who with significant nods and the pitying contempt of smiles have denied all influence to the corruptions of moral and political philosophy, and with much solemnity have proceeded to solve the riddle of the French Revolution by Anecdotes! Yet it would not be difficult, by an unbroken chain of historic facts, to demonstrate that the most important changes in the commercial relations of the world had their origin in the closets or lonely walks of uninterested theorists; that the mighty epochs of commerce that have changed the face of empires; nay, the most important of those discoveries and improvements in the mechanic arts, which have numerically increased our population beyond what the wisest statesmen of Elizabeth's reign deemed possible, and again doubled this population virtually; the most important, I say, of those inventions that in their results

best uphold.

War by her two main nerves, iron and gold, had their origin not in the cabinets of statesmen, or in the practical insight of men of business, but in the visions of recluse genius. To the immense majority of men, even in civilized countries, speculative philosophy has ever been, and must ever remain, a *terra incognita*. Yet it is not the less true, that all the epoch-forming revolutions of the Christian world, the revolutions of religion and with them the civil, social, and domestic habits of the nations concerned, have coincided with the rise and fall of metaphysical systems. So few are the minds that really govern the machine of society, and so incomparably more numerous and more important are the indirect consequences of things than their foreseen and direct effects. It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite prac-

tical. Facts only and cool common sense are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straitway men begin to generalize; to connect by remotest analogies; to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts, as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings. With his wonted fidelity to nature, our own great poet has placed the greater number of his profoundest maxims and general truths, both political and moral, not in the mouths of men at ease, but of men under the influence of passion, when the mighty thoughts overmaster and become the tyrants of the mind that has brought them forth. In his "Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," principles of deepest insight and widest interest fly off like sparks from the glowing iron under the loud forge-hammer. It seems a paradox only to the unthinking, and it is a fact that none, but the unread in history, will deny, that in periods of popular tumult and innovation the more abstract a notion is, the more readily has it been found to combine, the closer has appeared its affinity, with the feelings of a people and with all their immediate impulses to action. At the commencement of the French Revolution, in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the almost geometrical abstractions of the physiocratic politicians and economists. The public roads were crowded with armed enthusiasts disputing on the inalienable sovereignty of the people, the imprescriptible laws of the pure reason, and the universal constitution, which, as rising out of the nature and rights of man as man, all nations alike were under the obligation of adopting. Turn over the fugitive writings, that are still extant, of the age of Luther; peruse the pamphlets and loose sheets that came out in flights during the reign of Charles I. and the Republic; and you will find in these one continued comment on the aphorism of Lord Bacon (a man assuredly sufficiently acquainted with the extent of secret and personal influence), that the knowledge of the speculative principles of men in general between the age of twenty and thirty is the one great source of political prophecy. And Sir Philip Sidney regarded the adoption of one set of principles in the Netherlands, as a proof of the divine agency and the fountain of all the events and successes of that Revolution.

This teaching that there is the closest possible alliance between the social passions and the generalizing reason of man, points to just the same inference as that forced upon us by the other passages we have quoted, namely, that power over men can only be gained by those who, whether truly or falsely, speak with the authority of that "categorical imperative" which professes to apply to all. It is a true or a false creed which sets men on fire. It is a creed they seek. It is a creed which

moves nations ; and without a creed men remain inert and passive. What does this imply, except that the heart implicitly believes in a guidance far in advance of the absolute teaching of experience, — looks, in fact, to spiritual sources for an authority which it is quite certain that the slow accumulations of our petty lives has not provided for us ? These illustrations of Coleridge's power of impressing on us that by the constitution of our minds we are compelled to expect, and forced to receive, light from above, might be multiplied almost indefinitely. And, therefore, we hold that Mr. Traill is utterly wrong in the slighting estimate which he has formed of Coleridge as a source of wide-spreading intellectual convictions.

From Chambers' Journal.  
QUEEN MARGERIE.

WHEN I look back on my schoolboy days, there is one scene that always stands out before me with peculiar force and vividness ; there is one occurrence that happened then more deeply graven than any other upon my memory ; and that is no small thing to say, for I can call to mind any number of exciting things that took place when I was at Greychester. I could tell of many a victory that we gained, against heavy odds, by land or water ; for there was scarcely a Greychester lad who could not pull an oar, as well as handle a bat, with more or less dexterity ; and both on the cricket field and on the river our opponents always found us pretty stubborn antagonists. I could tell many a story of our adventures and hairbreadth escapes, and of those little exploits and mischances of my own in which I figured as the hero or culprit, as the case might be, from the day on which I received my first "swishing" until I left as top of the sixth. There is a grim sort of interest, I always fancy, about one's first sound thrashing that makes it, in a fashion, a landmark in a schoolboy's career. Even now I remember how I came by mine. It was soon after I entered the school, and I was in the third form — Tunder's. Old Tunder, we called him, not that he really was old, for he was not much over forty, but to a schoolboy with the best of life before him, forty seems a patriarchal age. Tunder was anything but a profound scholar, and he was, moreover, very near-sighted, so that there was perhaps some reason for the boys of his form being

much more distinguished for their proficiency in the art of practical joking than for their attainments in any branch of knowledge. Anyway, the third-form room was a very hotbed of mischief.

It happened that about this time we had hit upon a novel and pleasant form of amusement with which to beguile the monotony of our studies, Tunder's defective vision giving us ample opportunity for the recreation. There were to be had at the Greychester toyshops little wooden frogs made to jump with a spring. It was a matter of intense and absorbing delight to us to range our frogs in line and test their powers by seeing which would take the longest jump. The excitement on these occasions was great. Tunder's cane was constantly being brought into use, but until one ill-fated day I managed to escape it. One hot summer afternoon, Smithson Minor, who sat next to me, brought out of his pocket a couple of new spring-frogs, and making me a present of one, proposed that we should have a match between them, just to see what they were like. Now, if I had had my wits about me, I should have suspected that some snare lay hidden under this unusual generosity on the part of Smithson Minor, for, as a rule, he was not of a giving sort, and rarely parted with anything but for full and ample consideration. But I suspected nothing ; the day was warm ; a little relaxation from our struggles in decimal fractions seemed desirable, and old Tunder was safely moored at his desk just in front of us, correcting exercises, so that Smithson's proposal appeared both kind and opportune, and met with a ready acceptance on my part.

But Smithson Minor, though I knew it not, was a traitor, and compassed my ruin ; for the frog which he had given me was equipped with a spring of some fourfold strength. Somewhere in the course of his researches at the toyshops he had come across it, and his keen scent for mischief had quickly detected a rare opportunity for fun. He got his fun — at my expense. The frogs were carefully stationed at the lower edge of the desk, Smithson Minor giving them a last touch, just to see, he said, that it was a fair start, but in reality to point mine in a particular direction. The course would be the upward slope of the desk ; ample space, we thought — at least I thought — for the most actively disposed jumper ; and if by chance one of them did overshoot the mark and tumble on the floor, then we should have the additional excitement of

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recovering it at the risk of drawing on to us Tunder's attention and Tunder's cane. Everything was ready; the critical moment came. The frogs jumped, and mine won — won easily, beating all previous records, for it soared majestically into the air and swooped down full on to old Tunder's nose! He regarded it quietly for a moment or two, and then taking it into his hands, said slowly and sarcastically: "The proprietor of this ingenious toy has evidently more leisure on his hands than he knows how to dispose of; if he will kindly step this way, I will give him something that will engage his attention for a time."

I stepped that way, and found him as good as his word. I went back to my place sadder, if not wiser, than when I left it; and for that day and for several days to come, I found that a sitting posture was not altogether free from discom-fort.

Poor old Tunder! he was not a bad sort of fellow after all. He left the school not very long afterwards, and then we found out how many kindly and generous things he had done in a quiet, unobtrusive sort of way. I don't suppose his salary as an under-master was a very large one, and I know from what he said himself that he had no private income, so that he must have practised considerable economy and self-denial to have been able to indulge in those unsuspected acts of charity in the poorer parts of Greychester which came to light after he had gone. I have lost sight of him for some time; but if he should still be living, and should chance to read these lines, he will see that in spite of the spring-frog episode, I can still speak of him with respect, and even affection.

But I am wasting time in gossiping about so paltry an affair as my first flogging, and almost forgetting that I have a story of a very different kind to tell — a story so tinged to a certain extent with sadness, that even now it costs me something to relate it. Indeed, I should not do so, did I not think that — apart from the passing interest it may have — it may serve in some cases to point a moral and give a warning.

Two of my particular chums at school were Frank and Charlie Stewart, popularly known as the two young Hotspurs. Why, I will tell you. They were fellows of the real good sort, as we used to say, good run-getters in a cricket-match, and pulling a first-rate oar. Not that they were dunces either, for they were never

very low down in their forms, and they had a quickness and readiness that carried them above fellows of more plodding industry. They had one fault — I suppose every schoolboy has one, many more than one — and it was this failing that gained them their nickname. Kindly and good-natured enough as a general rule, each of them had a quick and impetuous disposition, which was liable, under no very great provocation, to blaze out into hot passion. They resented anything like dictation or unfair treatment so much, that their high spirit could at times scarcely brook even a fair and proper opposition to their ideas and opinions, and instead of trying to gain their argument, they would lose their temper. But, to do them justice, there was nothing sullen, or mean, or vindictive about them; and their fits of temper were shortlived. They tried earnestly to guard against their besetting weakness, sometimes succeeding, and always bitterly lamenting afterwards if they failed. Occasionally, they came to words between themselves; but in a moment or two they would be as friendly as ever again, pulling a pair together, or tossing for sides at cricket. Once, however, they came to blows, and it is that scene which is so vividly painted on my memory.

Like myself, the Stewarts were town boys, and as our homes were not very far apart, we generally went to and from school together, the intimacy thus formed being gradually ripened by congenial tastes and pursuits into a warm and lasting friendship, which made them almost like brothers, and their house quite a second home to me. Their father, who had been a retired naval officer, possessed of ample independent means, had died a year or two before, and they lived with their widowed mother and a sister — a child, when first I knew her, of about six or seven. Margerie her name was — Queen Margerie, in a playful way, they always called her; and well she deserved her title, for she held absolute and sovereign sway over every heart in the household, and indeed over all who knew her.

I wish I were a word-painter, so that I could portray Queen Margerie as I see her in my mind's eye now. I wish a more skilful hand than mine could place the portrait before you — the portrait of a child — somewhat small for her age, you might say, and perhaps somewhat fragile-looking — with clustering, soft, brown hair, brightened here and there by a gleam of gold; hazel eyes, always lit up with mirth and happiness, except when the story of

some one's troubles filled them with tears; and soft cheeks, where the shadow of ill-humor seemed never to find a resting-place. And then, what pretty ways she had; talking in such a demure, old-world fashion, with a voice deep for a child, and yet with such music in it, and doing everything so pleasantly and lovingly, that no wonder those about her made her their idol.

Chief among the idolaters were her two brothers. If I had not seen it, I should never have thought that two school lads could have been so tender and loving to a child. No trouble and no self-sacrifice did they grudge her, gratifying her wishes, as far as lay in their power, as soon as they were uttered; often, indeed, anticipating them before they were spoken. It was curious, and yet pleasant, to see how they would come to her with the story of their feats and adventures, like knights of old, who valued most their victories in the jousts in that they gained them the smile of the queen of the tournament. If either of them had won a prize, or made the top score in a match, or done some other redoubtable thing, his chief pleasure was in the thought of Queen Margerie's delight at the news. "Tell me all about it," she would say, nestling eagerly close to him, "tell me every word—every word from beginning to end." Then would he give her a full and graphic account, she listening with growing interest the while, and gazing at him with a look of pride, until the tale was ended; and then her joy at the history of his success was to him his crowning reward.

Queen Margerie, how mother, brother, servants adored thee! I believe if the sacrifice of their own lives had been necessary to preserve thine, not one of them would have hesitated to pay the price.

"They overdid it," do you say? Nay, believe me, they did not, for a child in the home may be among the very richest gifts for which heaven claims our gratitude. A child's presence may fill with sunlight the house which else would be wrapt in gloom; a child's influence may preserve purity in the mind which but for it might become stained and corrupted; a child's love may serve to keep warm the heart which the cares and worries of life might otherwise make cold and selfish.

"I wonder," said Frank Stewart once to me, in an abstracted sort of way, as if he had been pondering over some weighty matter, "I wonder what we should do if anything were to happen to Margerie; if she were to—to go away."

"Go away!" I replied in wonderment. "How can a child like that go away? What do you mean?"

He made no answer, but went on, as if in continuance of his own remarks: "It would kill my mother, and I think it would me, if Margerie were to—" Then he stopped short.

I began to understand his meaning; but I said no more, for this was a sort of mood I had never seen Frank Stewart in before, and I did not know how to meet it. So the conversation ceased, and for a time I forgot all about it.

It was one afternoon some time after this that the Stewarts, one or two other fellows, and myself, were going home from school, not quite in our usual spirits, for a cricket-match we had played the day before had ended—rather unusually for us—in our suffering a disastrous defeat. True to human nature, instead of taking kindly to our reverse of fortune, we tried to find a pair of shoulders on which we might conveniently put the whole load of blame, and the owner of the shoulders happened to be Frank Stewart, who had been the captain of our eleven, and who, we thought, had not managed matters very discreetly. In the course of our discussion on the subject, the two brothers irritated each other to such an extent that they came to blows. We tried to pacify them; but in vain. I am afraid that, like every British schoolboy, we had just a sort of lurking fondness for a good fair fight, which made the fray not without interest for us. Anyway, we watched it so intently that we did not see a childish figure come to the garden gate leading to the Stewarts' house, and pausing a little to take in what was passing, run quickly down the road towards us. We saw and heard nothing until Queen Margerie was close to the struggling lads, calling on them piteously to stop; but in a moment—blinded and deafened with excitement—one of them stumbled against her, and fell, dragging the other with him, heavily over her to the ground.

The boys quickly rose unhurt, but the child never stirred. There she lay, the poor little face deadly pale, except where there were a few stains of blood from a bruise on the temple; and one arm seemed to have suffered some injury. There was for a moment a faint look of recognition, just a feeble attempt to smile, and then there was unconsciousness.

The whole thing took place so suddenly that none of us at first could realize it. For an instant or two the Stewarts seemed

perfectly dazed, kneeling by the child, and calling her by name, as if she were only making a pretence of being hurt, and would spring into their arms presently. Then the truth seemed to burst upon them, restoring their self-possession; for, taking the little form gently to his breast, Frank Stewart strode hurriedly homewards, entreating us, as he went, to bring a doctor. We lost no time on our errand, and medical help was soon at hand. Shortly afterwards, we heard that the arm was fractured, but that that was not so serious as the injury to the head, from which the gravest results might be feared.

We did not see the Stewarts again at school during that term, of which a few days only remained. For three days they watched with their mother by the child's bedside, scarcely ever taking food or sleep. At times she was conscious, and gave them one of her old looks, or feebly held out her hand to touch theirs. Once or twice she rallied enough to speak a little, but not a word passed her lips about her injuries or the cause of them. She only asked them not to forget her when she had gone, for she seemed to think that the shadows would soon be falling about her.

Once, I remember, when I called to make inquiries, Frank Stewart came down to see me. I scarcely knew him, he looked so altered. "It is bad enough to see her dying," he said sobbing: "but to think of its being my fault!" — and he broke down utterly.

What words of comfort could a schoolboy utter in the presence of such grief? What could I say, when I feared they were only waiting for the King's messenger to take Queen Margerie where pain and weariness are not known? For though the doctor said there *was* a chance, that chance seemed but a slender one.

Fifteen years since then, is it? Why, it scarcely seems as many months. How well I remember it, and yet my schoolboy days ended long ago, and now I am a staid married man. My wife, to tell the truth, is sitting near me as I write, and now and then she comes and looks over my shoulder at what I have written, saying with a smile that she wonders how I can exaggerate as I have done once or twice. I turn the tables on her by replying that instead of being a help to me, she is my greatest hindrance, for as long as she is in the room I am always neglecting my work to look at her. And that is the

truth. I am continually looking at her, because, to my mind, she is the prettiest picture one can look at. She has soft, brown hair, with here and there a gleam of gold, bright hazel eyes, and a gentle face without a trace of ill-humor. It is true you may see on her forehead the faintest traces of a scar, but then, I say, it is a beauty-mark. Sometimes she says, in a make-believe solemn way, that she wonders how I could have married any one with one arm stiff and good for nothing. But I know she is only joking, for I don't think her arm is a whit worse now than any one else's.

But I am not the only one who worships her. There are her two brothers, for instance, who are quite as foolish as I am. The elder of them is a lieutenant in the navy, and he misses no opportunity of sending her wonderful treasures and curiosities, which he collects for her on his travels. Before long, our modest-sized dwelling will be a storehouse of marvels. The other, a young lawyer, who lives with his widowed mother, is a perfectly infatuated brother, and under one pretext or another is always coming to see that all is going well with his idol. I tell him sometimes, laughingly, that I shall become jealous if this sort of thing goes on; that I shall forbid him the house, and bar the doors against him. But my threats are of little use; for he says that neither husband nor bolts nor bars shall prevent his coming, like a loyal subject, to pay allegiance to Queen Margerie. For the one slender chance did prevail, and my story ends happily after all.

From *The Spectator*.

#### CHANGES IN DIET AND MEDICINE.

SOME competent person — and to be competent he must possess in some directions an encyclopædic knowledge — should write a monograph on this subject. An example of the curious and interesting facts with which it abounds may be found in some statistics with which Dr. C. J. Hare has illustrated a recent lecture on "Good Remedies out of Date."\* These statistics are drawn from the books of some of the chief metropolitan hospitals, and illustrate very significantly the changes which have taken place in medical practice and in what this practice more

\* The lecture itself we have not been able to procure, and are so prevented from making a fuller acknowledgment to its author.

or less consciously reflects,—national habits of life. They deal with an article of diet, milk; with alcoholic liquors, which, whatever their value, a fiercely controverted point, are used as a substitute for, or auxiliary of, diet; and with a therapeutic agent, once well known to our middle-aged readers, but with which the younger generation is quite unfamiliar,—the leech.

With regard to *milk*, the changes of practice, though not uniform, and, indeed, exhibiting some curious fluctuations, has been in the direction of an increase which may be almost called enormous. The figures refer to the first years of five successive decades, beginning with 1832, and, as the accommodation of the hospitals has varied, may be best exhibited under the form of the average cost per bed. The minimum figure in the table belongs to Guy's Hospital under the year 1842, when the cost per bed was a little under *seven shillings* for the year. Ten years before it had been about as much under *twelve*, and it rose to nearly the same figure ten years after. It was *eighteen shillings* in 1862, *thirty shillings* in 1873, and exceeded three pounds when another decade had been completed. At St. George's, the minimum seems never to have been so small. But here, too, we find a curious fluctuation, the cost having fallen from *five-and-twenty shillings* in 1832 to *sixteen* in 1852. University College Hospital was not founded in 1832, but at the next decade it presents the highest figure of the four to which Dr. C. J. Hare's statistics refer,—*thirty-four shillings*. The next decade shows the decrease, common, it will have been observed, to the four institutions, and indicating—if we may generalize from so limited a number of instances—a change in medical opinion. The figures in the four last decades are *14s.*, *£2 6s.*, *£2 8s.*, and *£3 8s.* respectively. The figures supplied by Westminster Hospital do not differ materially, but are specially interesting as showing the maximum expenditure hitherto reached,—the very large sum of *four pounds ten shillings*. The effect of this diet upon hospital patients must, we should think, be strongly marked. There is no article in respect of which the food of the poor differs more from that of the well-to-do middle and upper class; and even among these the annual expenditure of a family without young children would hardly amount to three pounds per head.

In the matter of alcoholic drinks, we find, as we might have expected, a much greater

discrepancy of facts; but the general result has been decrease. Guy's begins with a large expenditure in beer,—as much as *£2 12s.* in 1831,—and exhibits a uniform decrease, decade after decade, till in 1882 it reaches the minimum of fourteen shillings. It has furnished no statistics about wine and spirits before 1862, when it shows an expenditure not far short of two pounds. This diminishes to eighteen shillings in the course of the next twenty years. It is needless to go in detail through the figures presented by the other hospitals. The maximum is found in the Westminster, under the year 1862, when the aggregate expenditure for beer, wine, and spirits amounted to four pounds ten shillings per bed. The same hospital also supplies, twenty years later, the minimum, having reduced its outlay under this head to a sum little exceeding one pound. It is a curious fact, though a wholesome fear of our medical friends forbids us to theorize upon it, that one hospital presents the maximum and minimum in the use of one article, and the maximum in another. It may also be noted that the year 1862 seems to mark a period when alcoholic liquors were largely used in medical practice. The average expenditure of the four hospitals in that year was *£3 15s.* In 1882 it had sunk to *£2 3s.* Many of our readers will remember the name of Dr. Todd, and the influence which his example in largely prescribing alcohol in certain kinds of disease had upon the medical practice of the day. If our statistics were more complete, it might be possible to fix the year at which this influence had reached its height. It must not be forgotten that we still find, in 1882, a divergence of practice in this respect which probably represents a similar divergence of general opinion. In 1862, the highest expenditure was *£4 10s.*, and the lowest *£3 7s.* In 1882, the figures were respectively *£3* (about) and *£1 4s.* This is, indeed, one of the most interesting topics of the day. At some workhouse infirmaries, where theory is probably stimulated by economic considerations, alcoholic liquors are almost entirely disused; and there is at least one minor hospital where the same practice is followed. Here, then, is a large field for the collector of facts, who will, we hope, precede by a long distance the constructor of theories.

And now to come to the leech. Here, unfortunately, Dr. C. J. Hare's figures refer to two hospitals only; but their character is so marked in both instances that

the deficiency is less to be regretted. We exhibit the figures in a table:—

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.					
Year.		Number of Leeches used.		Beds.	
1832	.	97,300	.	300	
1842	.	48,100	.	550	
1852	.	27,300	.	600	
1862	.	6,200	.	650	
1872	.	1,000	.	670	
1882	.	1,700	.	670	

## ST. GEORGE'S.

1832	.	21,800	.	200	
1842	.	19,600	.	317	
1852	.	4,050	.	325	
1862	.	1,300	.	350	
1872	.	500	.	353	
1882	.	754	.	351	

These figures may be thus exhibited in their diminishing order of number of leeches used per bed:—

St Bartholomew's 195, 187, 45, 9, 1·5, 2·5  
St. George's 109, 61, 10, 4, 1·5, 2·5  
(nearly).

The older hospital seems to have been more conservative of the usage. It is a curious economical fact that the leeches seem to have cost more in 1882 than in 1832, though the consumption had been reduced to about a fiftieth part. Leech-gathering must have been in times past a distinct occupation followed by an appreciable part of the population. It must now have dwindled away, with the effect of diminishing the supply even beyond the diminution of the demand. Or has fifty years of draining made the leeches actually fewer? The present writer must, however, own his ignorance as to the sources of the past and present supply.

Statistics of the quantities used of the chief drugs, such as quinine and calomel (does any one, we wonder, now take the odious senna which was one of the terrors of our childhood?), of anaesthetics, and of other things without number, would be extremely interesting. Professor Rogers has given us "Six Centuries of Work and Wages;" why should not he or another give us "Six Centuries of Food," and an expert in the art, "Six Centuries of Medicine?"

be feared, some of the most interesting cities are reputed to be unhealthy, and the Alps are so near that it does not seem worth while to endure the heat that may be expected with certainty. Besides, many private collections are inaccessible during the hottest months, and though the churches and the public galleries remain open, the effort to reach them exhausts all but the most youthful strength. The streets, too, are deserted and the windows shaded during the daytime, so that the towns are robbed of their gaiety, and wear an appearance of desolation till the sun goes down. Then, it is true, square and market seem to breathe anew; the shutters are pushed back and the lattices opened, and by-and-by the open spaces begin to be filled by a crowd of men and women who have come forth to profit to the utmost by the coolness of the evening, to saunter languidly up and down, and to sip ice before the *caffè* doors. But the more brilliant members of the community are absent in some seaside village or mountain retreat, and those who remain no longer exhibit the vivacity that distinguishes them in spring and autumn, nay, even in the bright days of winter; they seem overcome by lassitude to a degree that might excite the admiration of some spectators, and induce them to consider them the true representatives of the nineteenth century. The tourists are doubtless wise in their generation.

And yet there is a charm in an Italian summer, at least for those who have cultivated a natural talent for indolence, for it certainly appeals to the contemplative rather than the active order of minds. There is positively nothing to be done. During the long noonday hours to take a walk on the beach is to run the risk of sunstroke, while riding would be an act of heartless cruelty not only to your horse but to yourself. Fortunately you have no desire to do anything. Bodily exercise is clearly a folly, and you soon perceive that intellectual exertion is also a vanity and a snare. You begin to sympathize with the Eastern sages who think it the height of wisdom to cross their legs and repeat a mystical monosyllable, though, for your own part, you prefer to stretch yourself at full length on your bed with the smallest amount of clothing your sense of decency will permit, and the least exciting novel you can manage to procure without trouble. This is the time to read Sterne with real pleasure, and to discover the wisdom concealed beneath his wit and humor, which only the indolent will ever

From The Saturday Review.  
ITALIAN SUMMERS—A PRAISE OF INDOLENCE.

In these days of cheap and rapid travelling, few tourists care to pass a summer in Italy. Even when no epidemic is to

have leisure enough to understand. As you ponder over the reflections suggested by some sentence the true meaning of which for the first time dawns upon you, the book slips from your hand, and you sink into a doze which is half a reverie and half a dream. So the hot hours pass slowly by, till the time has come to open your casement and to go forth in search of dinner. But to enjoy, or even to endure, such a condition it is not enough that you have no debts to pay and no work to do. You must also possess a contented mind. You must have forgotten all about the poor harmless sluggard you were taught to despise, and the busy bee you were told to emulate, in the days of your infancy. You must let each hour bear its own burden, and when you have endured its heat kindly and patiently, without increasing the difficulties of your neighbors by your ill-humor and irritability, which perhaps rarely happens, you may feel that if you have performed no heroic labor you have at least passed through a course of moral discipline which is not to be despised.

"An Englishman can never sit still except when he has a bottle of wine before him." Such is the southern verdict on our northern character, and it is hard to deny that it contains a certain truth. Most of our fellow-countrymen feel a strong call to be up and doing. On a fine day we know that every one who can afford it is expected to kill something, and in wet weather he has his accounts to add up, a machine to invent, or an article to write. If he has no such resource, he will ruin himself at the gaming-table or elsewhere. He has no patience to let the influences of nature work quietly upon him, no time to chew the cud of his reflections. Even on his travels the gallery is "done" and the landscape "bolted" as the clodhopper bolts his bacon. The busy bee is indeed his model, and what does she know of the lilies of the field? They may be arrayed in a splendor greater than that of Solomon; she does not perceive it, and if she did she would not care; her one question is, Where can I find a little honey to carry home to my hive? And so it is with the average Englishman of to-day. What he seeks in nature is something he can use. He observes acutely, but only to serve his own ends, practical, scientific, or artistic; so he perceives only half-truths, but these he turns to the best advantage. Our very poets and artists seem to go into the open air only to find a suggestion for a line or a study for a picture. And what is noticed to-day must be em-

ployed to-morrow. It was not thus our old poets and novelists worked. Chaucer and Shakespeare, like Michael Angelo, could draw without models, because they knew human nature so well that it was impossible for them to err in portraying it; and in their own lines Swift, Fielding, Sterne, and Thackeray, nay, even Smollett and Dickens, would have scorned such a hand-to-mouth trade. Out of the fulness of their knowledge and observation they spoke; they had not to look hungrily around them every morning for something to say. It must be acknowledged that this restless activity is the very quality that has secured for England her supremacy in manufacture, trade, and colonization; but the man who can never regard either nature or human life with a disinterested and purposeless love will never—to return to our subject, he will never enjoy an Italian summer; it will be nothing but unalloyed misery to him.

For the contented and the quiet mind, we repeat, it has a charm. The heat serves as a welcome excuse for indulging in the dreamy indolence which nature has bestowed as a sweet opiate on those whom she has deprived of a capacity for pushing their way. To watch the sea for hours, wondering whether the white sails are tending, and what freight of human hope, sorrow, or passion they are bearing so quietly along, seems philosophical resignation rather than self-indulgence. To leave the book unread and the task undone is not to be lazy, but prudent. Conscience and inclination are thus reconciled; and, when the born sluggard meets his fretful acquaintances, he for once in his life enjoys the sweet sense of superiority. And what a world it is to lie and dream in! The olive gardens extend to the cliffs above the shore, and beyond the grey expanse, which here and there brightens to silver, stretches the deep sapphire of the sea. Further on, the coast is broken into innumerable inlets and tiny bays; and, as the sunshine touches the rocks, their tints vary from deep black to a golden brown. There is a glimmer as of haze in the air into which the distance softly fades; yet every outline is clear, every shadow sharply marked. The mountains and islands on the horizon are still distinct, though they seem withdrawn by some magic into the realm of dream. One can hardly believe that they belong to the workday world; and as the sun sinks the deep flushes of varying light seem rather to shine through than to be reflected from them. All the long noon-tide, too, it would

be so still, were it not for the chirp of the cicadas, which only seems to make the heat audible. A single insect of the kind is a torment not to be endured; but when thousands take voice together from the olive groves, their humming seems to fall into a rhythm that harmonizes with the ripple of the sea. The village children say they are singing to bid the grapes grow ripe. The sluggard's vintage never ripens, so he is spared the trouble of gathering it, and can saunter forth as soon as the air grows cooler to view the pleasures, the labors, and the follies of his neighbors.

The smallest Italian village has its *caffè*, and the smallest *caffè* provides ice at least once or twice in the week. Here, in the summer evenings, the whole air is in motion with the flutter of fans. The husbands, brothers, and fathers read the single paper supplied turn by turn with such a concentrated and protracted interest, that one might suppose they were going to pass an examination in its contents, if one did not know they were simply anxious to ignore the fervid glances which the ladies under their protection are exchanging with the youths who are playing dominoes at the opposite tables. The landlord shuffles backwards and forwards every now and then, and the waiter moves actively about, expectant of possible soldi. You feel at once that it is only a cheaper edition of the great world from which you have fled, printed on worse paper and in a coarser type. Down one of the streets that lead to the shore, however, there is sure to be a *cantina*. It offers nothing but the wine of the country, and none of the frequenters of the *caffè* ever think of passing its portals. In the daytime, it must be confessed, they are gloomy enough to frighten the passer-by; but of an evening the huge back doors are opened, and then the shop appears only a portico to the orange or olive grove behind. If you are content with the light of the moon, the stars, and the fireflies, you can take a chair and drink your wine there; but, if you are a lover of men, you will seat yourself at the rude table opposite the counter, and listen to the talk of the fishermen who come in to quench their thirst and fill their bottles before starting on their nightly expeditions. There is generally something to be learned from their conversation; and, even if this is not the case, the breeze that passes through the *cantina* is pleasanter than the heavy air of the *caffè*, and the wine, rough as it

is, more wholesome than the half-melted ices, flavored with unholy essences.

On such an evening excursion you may perhaps find a pleasant midday retreat, for the landlord of a country *cantina* is generally a small proprietor, whose gardens and vineyards adjoin the yard at the back of the house. The noon is always hotter there than indoors; but, at least in the early summer and late autumn, it seems more bearable to a northerner in the open air; and some of these little orchards are charming from the very fact that they are planted for use and not for ornament. In one of the least frequented of the southern seaside towns, for example, there is a pomegranate garden of this kind. It stands on the summit of a little cliff which rises precipitously above the sea with its narrow fringe of sand. At one end some one with ampler means and a more cultivated taste than the present occupant built a terrace in the early years of the last century. It is falling into ruin now, but the great view it commands still remains, and it is still shadowed over by the heavy foliage of ancient trees. A little brook runs through the grounds, and bounds or trickles down the face of the cliff, according to the season. It is forced at first to take its way through a huge square trough of roughly hewn stone, and here it must be confessed that early in the morning washing is sometimes done, after the primitive method of the place, by rubbing the linen with sand and beating it on the sides of the cistern, without the aid of soap or a fire; but at other times even the lower part of the brook is as bright and clear as crystal. In the early weeks of June, when the pomegranates are in full flower, and the sunshine flickers restlessly on the tender green below, you could hardly find a more delightful resting-place, and even later on in the season, if you bring a volume of the "Earthly Paradise," and sling your hammock by the brook, you will not feel that the midday heat lasts too long. A pigeon may flutter down and sip of the water, a child may come to paddle in it for a minute or two with her brown feet, and then coil herself up in the nearest patch of shade and fall asleep there. Nothing else will disturb your reverie, and as you glance away from the lovely story to the blue sea over which the distant sails are stealing so calmly and so slowly, you may well for a moment feel that human life is, indeed, what Novilis said it ought to become — a dream.

From The Spectator.

#### CARLYLE ON RELIGIOUS CANT.

MR. FROUDE makes of his last two volumes of Carlyle's life and letters one constantly recurring and perpetually reiterated vituperation of cant; but what cant is, except that it is either absolutely insincere, or — a deeper stage still — sincere insincerity, neither Mr. Froude nor Carlyle ever plainly says. In one place Carlyle suggests that the mere echoing of other persons' beliefs is pure cant, for he bewails himself much on the misery of living amidst echoes. "Ach Gott!" he says, "it is frightful to live among echoes." Well, if the echoing of other persons' beliefs — that is, believing their belief on their authority — be cant, we must all of us cant on all subjects on which we have not been able to satisfy ourselves. In that case, it is cant to echo the astronomer's prediction of an eclipse, or the wine-merchant's opinion of a brand of wine, or the farmer's of the condition of the crops. It would be cant to accept Mr. Carlyle's assertion that Sterling's was a "beautiful soul" which "pulsed auroras," — indeed, as we suspect that to have been a bit of Carlylese cant, the echoing of it might really be cant. Nay, it would even be cant to take it on trust from him that "sea-green incorruptible" is a trustworthy description of Robespierre, or "fiery-real from the great fire-bosom of nature herself" of Danton. We cannot all of us follow the researches of the historians any more than those of the astronomers or the tradesmen. If we are to have impressions at all on the subjects on which Carlyle himself has given us our impressions, we must "live among echoes." It cannot be cant simply to take on trust the work of others, or to echo on reasonable evidence what we have not had time to investigate for ourselves. Nay, to make original views for ourselves when we have not in reality the means of making them with anything like the justice and truthfulness with which others, whom we might follow and trust, can make them, is itself a very serious sort of cant, of which Carlyle was not unfrequently guilty. Some of his "Latter-Day Pamphlets" appear to us to have been full of attempts to be original on subjects which he did not really understand, though he treated with the most insulting contempt those who understood them far better than himself. We should describe cant not as the echoing of others' views or faiths — which we very often ought to echo, because they are far better than any which we could possi-

bly construct of our own — but as the pretence of bearing *personal* evidence to truths which are not original in us at all, and which are borrowed by us from others, on whose authority alone we accept them. Now, it is not every one who can bear personal testimony to the ultimate foundations even of religious truth, though every one with a religion at all can bear personal testimony to the spiritual strength it gives. No one knew this better than Carlyle, for he bore the most eloquent testimony to the depth of his own father's and mother's faith; and yet, so far as we can judge, his profound scorn for traditional faiths struck in principle, — though, of course, he did not think so, — at the sincerity of theirs. He wrote with his usual wrath to Mr. Erskine of those who looked at the universe through the "helps and traditions of others." "Others," he said, "are but offering him their miserable spy-glasses, Puseyite, Presbyterian, Free Kirk, Old Greek, Middle Age Italian, imperfect, not to say distorted, semi-opaque, wholly opaque, and altogether melancholy and rejectable spy-glasses, one and all if one has eyes left. On me, too, the pressure of these things falls very heavy; indeed, I often feel the loneliest of all the sons of Adam; and, in the jargon of poor grimacing men, it is as if one listened to the jabbering of spectres, — not a cheerful situation at all while it lasts. . . . I confess, then, Exeter Hall, with its froth-oceans, benevolence, etc., etc., seems to me amongst the most degraded platitudes this world ever saw; a more brutal idoltry, perhaps, — for they are white men, and their century is the nineteenth, — than that of Mumbo Jumbo itself. . . . It is every way very strange to consider what 'Christianity' so-called has grown to within these two centuries, on the Howard and Fry side as on every other, — a paltry, mealy-mouthed 'religion of cowards,' who can have no religion but a sham one, which also, as I believe, awaits its abolition from the avenging power. If men will turn away their faces from God, and set up idols, temporary phantasms, instead of the *Eternal One*, — alas! the consequences are from of old well-known." For him, at least, even the self-sacrificing labors of Howard and Elizabeth Fry in trying to improve the diabolical treatment of criminals once common in English prisons, were founded on pure cant, on a mealy-mouthed religion of cowards. Yet Carlyle's own religion was not, if he is to be judged by his letters, free from cant. For it was, by his own admission in later

life, a religion which he could not reconcile with the facts of life as he apprehended them. At first his religion, which was cast in the stern old Hebrew type, insisted a great deal on the everlasting foundations of truth, on the permanent duty of honest industry, on the severe grandeur of constancy and good-faith, on the sublimity of God's eternity, and on the magnificence of the heavens; further, it poured the utmost contempt on miracle as exploded by science, treated the external story of the Gospel as childish legend, based the faith in human immortality on a kind of intuition, and ridiculed all positive revelation as Hebrew old clothes. This is what Carlyle's faith was in his manhood. But, apparently, if Mr. Froude may be trusted, it was more hesitating towards the end. He admitted, we are told, that his deep faith in Providence was without evidence, if not against the evidence. When Mr. Froude told him, not long before his death, that he (Mr. Froude) "could only believe in a God which [sic] did something: with a cry of pain which I shall never forget, he said, 'He does nothing.' For himself," adds Mr. Froude, "however, his faith stood firm. He did not believe in historical Christianity. He did not believe that the facts alleged in the Apostles' Creed had ever really happened. The resurrection of Christ was to him only the symbol of a spiritual truth. As Christ rose from the dead, so were we to rise from the death of sin to the life of righteousness. Not that Christ had actually died and had risen again. He was only believed to have died and believed to have risen, in an age when legend was history, when stories were accepted as true from their beauty or their significance." In a word, Christianity was not true, and all who "were pretending to believe, or believing that they believed, becoming hypocrites conscious or unconscious, the last the worst of the two, not daring to look the facts in the face, so that the very sense of truth was withered in them," were on the side of cant. "For such souls," says Mr. Froude, describing Carlyle's belief in words, let us hope, a little stronger than he himself would have used, "there was no hope at all." Such was Carlyle's own "Exodus from Hounds-ditch." After that exodus, he was compelled to admit that his faith in Providence was without evidence, or against the evidence, and that the Everlasting Will on whose absolute government of the world he rested so much, "does nothing." If anybody had then turned round on him,

and told him that *he* was not facing the facts truly, but deceiving himself with phantasms; that he had no right to denounce the materialism of those who simply put away their faith in Providence because they found it, as he found it, "without evidence," if not against the evidence, and who had given up trust in an Everlasting Will which, so far as they could see, he had rightly described when he said, "He does nothing," what could he have replied which any Christian might not equally reply to his taunts? He would probably have been wisely indifferent to the assertion that for his soul there was "no hope at all." He would perfectly well have recognized that, after all, he was not in the least insincere in holding by that passionate faith in Providence for which, when challenged, he could give no reason, — nay, against which he could suggest many reasons. He would have felt perfectly sure that in spite of the pain with which he declared to Mr. Froude that God "does nothing," it was his own dulness and deadness which made the admission, and not his own life and insight. But would he ever have seen that it was as truly cant in him to deny the possibility of true faith in Christianity to men of education and knowledge, as it would have been cant in the materialists, if on the strength of such evidence as Mr. Froude gives us, they had denied sincerity to Carlyle?

The truth is that no cant is worse than the cant of originality, and that no cant ought to have been more clearly recognized as cant by Carlyle. He himself was original only in what he omitted from the faith of his parents; for no man could have retained more vividly the impress of the religious type which they had handed down to him. That he retained his faith in Providence and immortality at all, was the consequence of the faith long and carefully preserved by his ancestors, and by them transmitted to him. On the mere basis of his own imaginative vision he would have had no faith worth the name, — at most, indeed, a perception of the possibility of faith. Nay, is it not the lesson of Revelation itself that what we inherit in this way from our parents is *not* a prejudice, but a growing faculty of insight; and that we ought to value nothing more than the type of character through which genuine belief in the spiritual world becomes possible? Did not the Jews accumulate the results of their prophetic teaching for long generations of prosperity, calamity, exile, and dependent

political life, before the time came at which a Christian revelation was possible? And is it to be supposed for a moment that that long education was not expressly given in order that a new spiritual power might be developed in that people? If valor is a great inheritance, if scientific habits of thought are a great inheritance, if the capacity for industry is a great inheritance, then, the capacity for spiritual belief is the greatest inheritance of all. Carlyle's proposal that every religious man should set up anew on his own narrow basis of religious feeling, is one of the most revolutionary and anarchic ever made. We entirely believe that it is the duty of Christians to face boldly all the real facts which science or history or criticism may bring before them, and to resign every element in their former faith which is really and truly inconsistent with those facts. But then they should carefully sift facts, and sift also the meaning of inconsistency. Nothing seems to us more profoundly ridiculous than Mr. Froude's repeated assertion that the Copernican astronomy is, for every sincere mind, a fatal blow to belief in the incarnation. It would be much easier to make out a plausible case why the Copernican astronomy should be regarded as establishing the iron rule of fate, and therefore as absolutely inconsistent with Carlyle's doctrine of the "Everlasting No." The true use of historical religion should be to give each generation a different and much higher standpoint in belief than was enjoyed by the previous generation. The Church is not infallible; but the Church is not what Carlyle's theory seems to make it, an institution which accumulates formulas, paralyzes effort, and imposes error. Originality in religion is only useful just as originality in ethics is useful, — *i.e.*, not as encouraging any man to throw off all the great heritage of conviction and habit which his fathers have transmitted to him; but as enabling him to give new vitality to the highest elements of that heritage, and to aid in the gradual elimination of the lower and less noble elements, — a work of discrimination for which, as for all works of discrimination, a fine and reverent judgment is absolutely essential. Carlyle's judgment was in these matters not reverent, — was far too much penetrated by angry self-will. And we must say that on the subject of what is, and what is not, permanent in religion, we estimate it as only somewhat less untrustworthy than that of Mr. Froude himself. And unless we were to go alto-

gether outside the circle of men of genius, it would be impossible to pass on it a severer criticism.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE PLACE OF ART IN HISTORY.

IT is not wonderful that Mr. Ruskin should place high the claim of art, for art has been to him more than a nursing-mother. She has been mother, and father, and country, and all. We will not say no man before him has ever occupied such a position; but certainly no critic ever did. Because he understands art, and can express the thoughts generated by that comprehension in admirable words, — words which in their exquisite collocation, their perfection at once of form and of lucidity, have been rivalled in our generation only by Cardinal Newman, — he has become one of the best known and most appreciated figures in our generation. His older books are among the treasures of the bibliophile, his later works are purchased like scarce plates, his opinions are quoted like texts from a holy book, and even his wanderings — and when he discourses of politics or economy, he does but wander, and suggests a child explaining machinery to a nurse — are studied and collated by enthusiastic disciples, who hope to find in them precious things, and do find meaningless sentences of almost matchless form, — fragments, as it were, of a marble fit for Phidias to carve. He has, in fact, become a master in literature as truly as any one of the Italians he loves was a master in art; and often pronounces, himself living, to living men, a verdict which has all the resistless, yet imponderable, weight of the verdict of posterity. We do not dream of cavilling at his place, which is justified as far as art is concerned, not only by rare attainments, but by an instinct for the beautiful and harmonious which proves his possession of the "zig-zag lightning in his brain," as much as did ever sculptor's statue or conqueror's campaign; nor do we question the surpassing charms of his mistress art; but we may ask humbly whether, in his recent lecture, he does not exaggerate her claims beyond all reason. The reports are condensed till their meaning is half gone; but Mr. Ruskin seems to us in many of his allusions, and especially in his choice of great cities, to be inwardly possessed with the idea that the history of art is the history

of man, and that a nation is great or otherwise according as it has developed art capacity. That, if it in any close degree represents Mr. Ruskin's actual thought, strikes us as a melancholy exaggeration, — an exaggeration because much has been done for man by races with little or no capacity for art; melancholy, because such a faith must be accompanied with such terrible doubts of the continuous development of mankind. Save possibly in music, upon which evidence, though far from complete, seems strong, it is doubtful if man progresses in art at all, and certainly he does not advance at any calculable rate. Let the builders of Europe try to reproduce Luxor. No architect of our day, even when revealing the inner conceit which cynics say possesses all minds, and wiser men attribute to so many, would say that he hoped to surpass the builders of the Parthenon, or the often unknown men who in Germany and France and England seven hundred years ago made their dreams concrete and visible in the finest Gothic cathedrals. The little knot of wicked Attic slave-owners, whom artists call for convenience "the Greeks," remain unequalled in sculpture, and may have been unsurpassed in painting, while Mr. Ruskin himself would scarily all who said that modern art had advanced upon the triumphs of the Renaissance. All over Asia art has been decaying for ages, till the Moor of Fez would hardly understand what his ancestor had done in Granada, till Indian Mussulmans gaze at the Pearl Mosque as if the genii had built it, till Persians buy old carpets as lavishly as we do, and till Chinese and Japanese confess with sighs that the old ceramic work cannot be reproduced. It would be melancholy to think art the test of civilization, even if we believed, as this writer certainly does not, that races reached their flowering period in art after long cycles of sterility, and that Greek or Italian, Moor or Japanese, might yet again excel all former efforts; for still there would remain the humiliating thought that while the mind is of limitless range, art must always be perfectible, that a time must arrive when man, having in that department reached unimprovable harmony, must needs despair of advance.

At least, the mind would be melancholy were the postulate correct, and art a never-failing index of a nation's power to benefit mankind; but is that even approximately true? No one questions — we least of all — what the Greek did for

man; for if we should fall below Mr. Ruskin in our reverence for architect or sculptor, painter or cutter of gems, at least we should rival him in regard for the poet and the politician; but the Hebrew did still more, and knew nothing of art save song. He sang the Psalm which lives forever, and to which the cold northerners turn, whenever they are beaten by fate, for help or the expression of their grief; but he built no building, devised fine lines for no ship, proscribed sculpture, — at least it is our individual belief that Moses intended his order on the subject, just as Mahommel did, to be a side-blow against idolatry, — and never practised painting; but all the same he handed down through ages the torch of monotheism, and reduced the teaching of Christ to the form in which we now receive it. The Roman, who gave to man perhaps the most beneficent of all conceptions not strictly religious, — the notion that life should be controlled by immutable law, and not by individual will, the fundamental axiom which has made or derly freedom possible, — originated little in art, except an architecture, noble, indeed, and enduring, but far less truly artistic than the Greek; while the German, who is marching to the top of the world, who has done so much for learning, and who, with his patience and his idealism, may yet solve insoluble political problems, has for art done scarcely anything. It is doubtful if he has built much; it is not doubtful that he has carved and painted nothing of the first rank in excellence. In music, indeed, he is a master, but not the master he is deemed; for much of the glorious work with which he is credited is due to a race of guests belonging to another continent, — the race which, in its own land, never built or painted or carved, though it sang songs, whose sweetness remains still the highest expression alike of melancholy and of faith. The Swiss has no art, the Scandinavian little, (might we venture to suggest that Danish art, after all, is coldly imitative, Hellenism without the Hellenic sun, Hellenism frozen?) the Slavon none at all; yet each has power in his own way. It seems to us that a race might be great and noble and most useful to mankind, might excel in thought and in science and in laws, might teach us all deep secrets of happiness, and make us all more worthy to live on, and yet not possess that special power of at once conceiving and realizing beauty, which is the condition of achievement in art; might, in fact, pass

away, leaving, as indeed the Hebrew nation did, no record of its presence, save a land cultivated to irreparable exhaustion, and a literature which was for ages a stimulus or a solace to mankind. There are men in the world, great men, too, who cannot comprehend the glories of form, or color, or combination; and many more who, comprehending them, could not even begin to produce them; and why not communities too? They would be brighter, no doubt, and have fuller lives, and civilize men more rapidly if they possessed the missing powers; but they may be great and worthy of all study nevertheless still. They last, too, such communities; as those with the high artistic faculties have not always done. The Greek, whose bronze spoke and marble glowed, lasted but a few centuries; and the men of the Renaissance, before whose work artists despair, and Mr. Ruskin stands full of what is really the poetic spirit, though it suits him to use a magically arranged prose as his instrument, fewer centuries

still. Is there not, indeed,—though we admit that here we wander into regions rather of the fancy than the reason,—something self-destructive in the highest art, as if it took out of men some virility, as if the natures which could produce it, which had reached the point where the accurate perception of harmony and the power of realizing it became identical, grew first weary with their task and then barren? The history of "art periods" seems to suggest that, which is not true of literary periods,—at least, not in our modern world, and in the same degree. At all events, this much is certain, that if we take art as our guide through the labyrinth of history, we shall pass over not only some of its noblest chambers, but some of the places where men are producing effective motive-power. Man is wider than art, as he is older than science, and more enduring than culture,—is, in fact, for all his baseness, greater than the new intellectual idols he is setting up for himself, and which are only chips of him.

**TAMING WILD HUMMING-BIRDS.**—A lady residing at San Rafael, one of the many pleasant health resorts of California, has sent to friends in London an account of the taming of two free, wild humming-birds by her daughter, who, under medical direction, has for some months passed several hours daily reclining on rugs spread on the garden lawn. "E. has a new source of interest," her mother writes. "The humming-birds have claimed her companionship, and manifested their curiosity by inspecting her with their wise little heads turned to one side at a safe distance, watching her movements, evidently wishing to become acquainted. To entice them to a nearer approach E. plucked a fuchsia, attached it to a branch of a tree over her head, and filled it with sweetened water. The intelligent little creatures soon had their slender bills thrust into the flower, from which they took long draughts. Then E. took honey, thinking they might prefer it, and filled a fresh flower each day. They would sometimes become so impatient as scarcely to wait for her to leave before they were into the sweets, and, finally, while she held a flower in one hand and filled it with drops from a spoon, the now tame little pets would catch the drops as they fell, and dart into the honey cup their silvery, threadlike

tongues. E. is delighted, and so fascinated with them that she passes hours each day of her resting-time talking to them and watching their quick, lively movements. Although these tiny birds are humming all day among the flowers, two only have monopolized the honey-filled flower, and these are both males, consequently there are constant squabbles as to which shall take possession. They will not permit a wasp or a bee to come near their honey flower, and not only drive them away, but chase them some distance, uttering a shrill note of protest against all intruders." Referring to them again, at the close of the rainless Californian summer, in a letter dated October 26, this lady writes: "We have had threatening clouds for two days and a heavy rainfall to-day. E. has continued her devotion to her little humming-birds. Since the change of weather she has tried to coax them to the parlor windows. They appeared to think there must be some mistake, and would hum about the window where she stood with the honey flower and spoonful of honey, or they would sit on a branch and watch every movement, yet not daring to take a sip until to-day, when at her peculiar call, which they always recognize, one ventured repeatedly to take the honey from her hand."